5.

TARTUFFE:

OR THE

French Puritan.

A COMEDY,

Lately Acted at the *Theatre Royal.*

Written in French by MOLIERE; *and rendered into English with much Additim and Advantage,*

By M. MEDBOURNE,

Servant to His Royal Highness.

Invidia est odium alienæ felicitatis:
Respectu superiorum, quia eis non æquatur;
Respectu inferiorum, nè sibi æquentur;
Respectu parium, quia sibi æquantur.

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M. DC. LXX.

TARTUFFE;

OR THE

French Puritan.

A COMEDY.

To the Right Honourable,

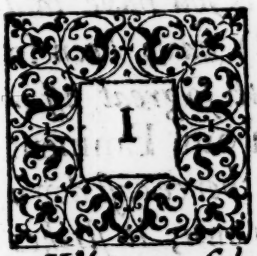
HENRY Lord *HOWARD*,

OF

NORFOLK,

BARON of *CASTLE-RISING*.

MY LORD,



Here Preſent your Honour with the Maſter-Piece of MOLIERE's *Productions, or rather that of all* French Comedy.

What conſiderable Additionals I have made thereto, in order to its more plauſible Appearance on the Engliſh Theatre, *I leave to be obſerv'd by thoſe who ſhall give themſelves the trouble of comparing the ſeveral Editions of this Comedy. How ſucceſsful it has prov'd in the* Action, *the advantages made by the* Actors, *and the ſatisfaction received by ſo many* Audiences *have ſufficiently proclaim'd* ——

~~*So much as to the Fate of this Price, and my Endeavours in it; but what* Apology *have I to make for my* Dedication *of it to* ſo Illuſtrious a Name? *only this,* An unanſwerable confidence *perpetually ſuggeſting to me, that* Your Honour *would account me the moſt ingrateful and inſenſible of men, ſhould I have balk'd this firſt opportunity of acknowledging the* tranſcendent Obligations *you have laid upon me. Theſe (my Lord) have been* ſo great, *and* ſhower'd *on me with ſo great affability, that when I conſider* Your Eminent Quality and Character, *and thence caſt down my eyes on the* meanneſs *of my own, it ſtrikes* an awe *upon my ſpirit, and minds me with what* extraordinary reſpects and ſubmiſsions *I am to aſſume that of,*

My Lord,

Your moſt humble, moſt obedient, and moſt obliged Servant,

M. MARBOURNE.

PROLOGUE.

Learning, Wit, Policy, and all we own,
Are but Tranſlations of the Time that's gone:
And what was Gold beyond Sea, ſhould not be
Methinks in England *turn'd to Alchemy.*
As Picture-merchants may commend their ware,
The Hand is Tintoret's, *the Piece is rare!*
So in th' Exchange of Wit, I hope, we may
[Not damn'd for Arrogance] commend this Play;
Call it, An eaſie Comedy, Action
Intrigue, from Houſe to Houſe no friſking Scene:
In it no Hyperbolick Thunder-cruelty
Puts th' Auditor nor th' Actor to the rack,
And all the Plot's in twelve hours time expreſs'd;
Some Ladies take up more to be well dreſs'd.
Thus the Tranſlator's pleas'd; if 's loſt,
He did aſſure us this was all his coſt,
The Cobler ſwapp'd Old Shooes for Plays at Dover,
And now he ſings the Monſieur's *new come over.*

Dramatis

Dramatis Personæ.

ORGON

TARTUFFE

DORINA

ELMIRA

MARIANA

VALERE

CLEANTHES

DAMIS

LAURENCE

PERNELLE

LOYAL

Messenger

FLYPOTE

Officers.

TARTUFFE

OR THE

French Zealot.

ACT. I. SCEN. I.

Enter Pernelle, Flipote, Elmira, Mariana, Dorina, Damis, Cleanthes.

Per. COme *Flipote*, let's be gone that we may ſcape 'em.

Elm. You walk at ſuch a rate we can't or'etake you.

Per. Then prithee daughter leave me, go no further:
Theſe idle Complements I have no need of,

Elm. We but diſcharge that duty which we owe you.
Pray Mother what's the cauſe you leave us thus?

Per. I can't behold your manage of affairs.
You have no due regard nor care of me;
Therefore I leave your houſe ill ſatisfi'd,
For every word I ſpeak is contradicted,
You ſhew me no reſpect, but in confuſion.

All talk at once, your house is *Dover*-Court.

Dor. If——

Per. Friend you're a waiting-woman, hold your peace;
Good Mystress nimble chaps; you're very fancy
To be thus peremptory 'mongst your betters.

Dam. But——

Per. But you're a sot, take that from me in short;
'Tis I that say it who am your Grandmother,
And I have told your father a hundred times,
That I foresaw your wicked inclinations;
And that you'd prove at last his real Torment.

Marian. I beleeve——

Per. You are his Sister, and wou'd seem discreet,
I touch'd not you, whilst that I found you silent;
But now I see you verifie the Proverb,
The silent waters are most dangerous,
Still Sows eate all the draught, I hate your manners.

Elm. Pray Mother hear——

Per. Daughter be not offended;
I finde your conduct in each action bad;
You ought t'have been th'example to 'em all,
Such as their good deceased Mother was.
Come y'are a Spendthrift, your gawdy dress afflicts me,
Those who intend to please their husbands only,
Will finde they have no need of half those Gugaws.

Cleanthes. But Madam, after all.——

Pern. Good Sir, her brother,
I much esteem you, love you, and respect you, [*spoken in derision.*
But truly Sir, were I as my Son's wife,
I would entreat you to come here no more.
You preach such rules and maximes to their life,
Since they are such, as honest men abhorre.
Sir, I am plain with you, and speak my minde,

Dam. Mr. *Tartuffe* is happy without doubt.

Pern. He is an honest man, wou'd you were like him;
And I can scarce contain my passion, when
I hear him censur'd by such fools as you.

Dam. Shall such an *Ignis fatuus* as he
Domineer over us in my Father's house,
So that we cannot take any diversion,
But what his canting worship first approves?

Dorin. If we should hear his Maximes and believe 'em,
This zealous Critick would in all controul us.

Pern. What he controuls I'me sure is well design'd;

'Tis the true way to Heav'n that he would lead you:
Therefore you ought to reverence and obſerve him.
Dam. All that my Father, or your ſelf can urge,
Can ne're oblige me, but to think well of him;
I ſhould bely my heart ſhould I ſay otherwiſe:
After his Mode I could behave my ſelf,
And I foreſee th' event, that with this Zealot
I ſhould obtain a reverend eſteem.
Dorin. Yes, yes, no doubt; but yet to us 'tis ſcandalous,
For one unknown to make himſelf our Patron:
A beggar, who at firſt came without ſhooes,
And all his Cloaths were hardly worth a groat,
To contradict us and to play the Maſter.
Per. Ah mercy; O my life, it would be better
If all were govern'd by his pious rules.
Dorin. He paſſes for a Saint in your eſteem,
But you will finde he is all Hypocrite.
Per. Why, there's a tongue.
Dorin. I would not truſt my ſelf but on good warrant,
Further with him then with his ſervant *Lawrence*:
And he I'me ſure is fleſh and blood. [*aſide.*
Per. I'me ignorant what heart the ſervant has;
But I dare juſtifie the Maſter's truth:
You wou'd not wiſh him ill, nor yet revile him,
But that he tells you of your faults ſo plainly:
'Tis againſt ſin his heart is ſo provok'd,
And the intereſt of Heaven that prompts him to't.
Dorin. But what's the cauſe that over-nice of late,
He will not ſuffer any to frequent us?
In what do harmleſs viſits offend Heav'n?
Shall I expound this riddle freely to you?
Faith, Madam, I beleeve he's jealous of you. [*to Elmire*
Per. Let not your tongue out-run your wit, take heed;
It is not only he that blames theſe viſits:
But 'tis the train of thoſe that haunt your houſe,
The many Coaches planted at your Gate,
The rude Rencountre of ſo many Lacqueys,
Theſe, theſe make ſuch a noiſe among your Neighbours,
That I beleeve at laſt nothing ſhall paſs
They will not talk of: thus you pawn your credit.
Cleanthes. Ah Madam, would you hinder a man from talking?
That would be burdenſom to humane life.
If we ſhould ſhun thoſe you think idle toys,
We muſt renounce our deareſt friends ſometimes;

And though we ſhould make full reſolve to do it,
Think you, you could impoſe a general ſilence?
There is no Bulwark, Madam, againſt detraction.
The beſt way is to ſlight all ſottiſh talkers;
And while we ſtrive to live in Innocence,
Let Libertines their humors entertain.

Elmir. Our Couſin *Daphne*, and her little husband,
Perhaps may take a liberty of ſpeech;
And 'tis too often ſeen, whoſe actions merit
The moſt ſevere reproof, ſooneſt detract:
They lie upon the catch, ready to ſeize,
And lay faſt hold on every little errour,
That by miſpriſion others guilty make,
And ſpread the news abroad with an odd joy
At their miſcarriage; painted with falſe colours;
They think to put a cheat upon the world;
And under the feigned mask of a reſemblance
To ſome Intrigues of vertue, ſtart a zeal
Fit to diſguiſe that envy which has forg'd
A charge of ſlander 'gainſt the fair repute
Of ſome they make a fair pretence unto;
Only to make 'em partners in their crimes.

Pern. All this diſcourſe is little to our buſineſs:
'Tis known *Oranta* leads an holy life,
Her care is all for heav'n; and I have heard
How much ſhe has condemn'd the Train frequents you.

Dorina. Th' example's wonderful, the Lady good:
But yet her life's a little too ſevere:
Thank Heav'n for that, 'tis Age has given her ſoul
This ardent zeal; for in her youthful days
She was expert in keeping of her body.
Attracting the homages of many hearts,
She knew to ſhew her skill in ſeveral ſhapes;
And did enjoy her fair advantages:
But finding that the ſparkles of her eyes
Now downward fall, ſhe would renounce the world,
Envying any ſhould enjoy thoſe pleaſures
Which Age denies 'em, through their weak performance.

Per. 'Tis well: theſe idle ſtories pleaſe your ears,
And that's the reaſon I deſert your houſe;
My ſon did never yet a wiſer thing,
Then when he entertain'd this pious man,
Whom for your benefit you ought to imitate. [*the old woman coughs.*
Dor. Would you two Saints were bound to live together;

Per.

Per. 'Twould be no little comfort to our family. [*aſide*
Your balls, your masks, your complemental viſits,
Are all th' inventions of ſome evil ſpirit,
Where one can never hear a pious word;
They are fooliſh, idle, ſinful Songs and Tales,
At which our Neighbour oft is ſcandaliz'd,
As a good Brother ſaid the other day,
Truly it is the Tower of *Babylon*,
Where giddy-brain'd phantaſticks waſte their time.
But to the point. [Flipote *laughs at* Pernelle. *She ſees*
Look, I beſeech you, there's one ſnears already.
Oh how my ſpirit boils! I ſay no more,
For now I'me hindred to declare my thoughts.
O! Impudence. [*laughs agen.*
Take that bold Goſſip, and learn to mend your manners.
Go on you baggage, go. *Exeunt* all but [*puſhes her before her.*

SCEN. II.

Cleanthes. Dorina.

Clean. I will not follow,
For fear ſhe ſhould begin another quarrel;
Alas! good woman.
Dorin. Truly 'tis great pity
She does not hear the Character you give her,
Such an expreſſion to her face had pleas'd her.
She thinks ſhe's now at Age to wear that name.
Cleanth. How hot ſhe was upon us? ſtrangely concern'd,
Wrapt up to the third Region for her *Tartuffe*.
Dorin. All this is nothing in compariſon
Of her dear ſon, he was a gallant man:
And ſhow'd his courage in his Prince's ſervice;
But e're ſince *Tartuffe* came to live among us,
He is ſo chang'd his friends can hardly know him;
He calls him brother, loves him as himſelf;
Prefers him 'bove his Mother, Son, Wife, Daughter;
The only Confident of all his ſecrets:
Whom he does cheriſh and embrace 'bove meaſure;
No man can be more tender of a Myſtreſs;
He is always plac't at th' upper end o'th' Table,
Where he devours more meat then half a dozen.
Cleant. Is't poſſible he ſhould be thus beſotted?
His every ſentence paſſes for an Oracle.

Nor

Nor do's this Fox want skill to act his part,
And though we 're many keeps us all in awe,
Cries down our patches, viſors, pendants, curles.

SCEN. III.

Elmira, Mariana, Damis.

Elmir. 'Tis well you did not go along with us,
To hear the ſtrange diſcourſe we had at door;
I ſpi'd my husband though he ſaw not me;
But I'le go up, and there attend his coming.
Cleanth. I'le wait him here below, but not to ſtay him,
For all my buſineſs is but a Good-morrow. [*Exit* Elmira.
Dam. My Sifters wedding does employ his thoughts,
And I ſuſpect that *Tartuffe* does oppoſe it,
And that he has prevail'd another way
To ſtop this Marriage 'gainſt my Int'reſt:
But if my Sifter's Flame equals *Valere's*,
The Sifter of my friend ſhall be my wife,
And if—— [*Exit* Damis.
Dorin. He comes.

SCEN. IV.

Orgon. Cleanthes. Dorina.

Org. Oh Brother! a good morrow.
Clean. I was juſt going, brother; y' are welcom home:
What, looks the Countrey pleaſant yet or no?
Org. Dorina——[brother, ſet me entreat your ſtay;
Permit me a little to take off my care,
In being ſatisfi'd how we all do]
Have all things hapned well theſe two days paſt?
How have you ſpent your time? are you all well?
Dorin. My Myſtreſs t'other day was very ſick
O'th' feaver, and the head-ake; Cruel pains.
Org. But how fares *Tartuffe*?
Dorin. Tartuffe; wondrous well.
He's freſh and fair, always a good ſtomack.
Org. Alas! poor man.
Dor. At night ſhe was indiſpos'd,

And

And did not touch one bit at Supper Sir,
Alas! you know the head-ake's a ſad pain.
Org. But how did *Tartuffe*?
Dorin. He ſup'd, Sir, by himſelf,
And moſt devoutly eat up two Partridges,
After a haſh of half a leg of mutton.
Org. Alas! poor man!
Dor. But my poor Myſtris, Sir, was ſo afflicted,
She could not take a moments reſt all night:
The violent heat o'th' feaver kept her waking.
We ſat up with her till 'twas almoſt day.
Org. And how did my poor *Tartuffe* then all night?
Dor. As ſoon as he had ſup'd he fell aſleep,
And from the Table he went ſtrait to bed,
Where without trouble on a good feather-bed,
He took the pains to ſleep till the next day.
Org. Ah! poor man!
Dor. At laſt, Sir, when our reaſons had prevail'd,
She did reſolve ſhe'd venture to be blooded,
And upon that ſhe preſently found eaſe.
Orgon. And what became of *Tartuffe* all this while?
Dor. Alas Sir! he, like a couragious man,
To fortifie his ſoul againſt all danger,
And to repair the blood my Myſtreſs loſt,
Drank to his breakfaſt four great boules of wine.
Orgon. Alas! poor man!
Dor: Sir, to be ſhort they both are very well,
And I am going now to tell my Myſtreſs,
The Joy that you expreſs for his good health.
Enter Laurence, *meets her.*
Lau. One word, ſweet Myſtreſs, with you, ben't afraid;
What I ſhall ſay ſhall be for your advantage.
Dor. If you have any thing to tell me *Laurence*;
Meet me an hour hence I'le hear your Errand. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

SCEN. V.

Orgon. Cleanthes.

Clean. Brother, ſhe flouts you to your very teeth;
And yet [without deſign to make you angry]
I tell you freely that 'tis but juſtice.
Is't poſſible this man ſhould ſo inchaunt you,

That

That you forget every concern but him?
And having in your houſe repair'd his Miſery
To come to ſuch a height——
Org. Hold brother, hold!
You do not know the man you talk of throughly.
Clean. Not know him? be it ſo, 'cauſe you will have it.
Yet to be ſhort I'le tell you what he may be ——
Org. Brother, you would be charm'd with his Acquaintance
And your aſtoniſhments would find no end.
He is a man that hates——a man——a man——
Who lives like him will feel a profound peace,
And as a Dung-hill eſtimate this world:
I'me wholly chang'd my ſelf, by's converſation:
'Tis he has taught me to diſclaim my affections;
To diſingage my ſelf from the world's friendſhip.
I could ſee Mother, Children, Brother and Wife die,
And with as little care as that comes to. [*Fillips.*
Clean. But ſuch reſentments are not humane, brother.
Org. Had you but ſeen him as I found him firſt,
His humble poſture would have won your love:
Once at's devotion, he did plant himſelf,
With ſuch a pious Aſpect right againſt me,
Darting his prayers to heav'n with ſuch a zeal,
As did attract the eyes of all the Church,
And lowly proſtrate on the ground did kiſs it:
What elſe he did was ſuitable to that:
And at my coming forth he got before me,
On purpoſe to preſent me holy-water:
Inform'd by his Man who did him imitate,
I found that he was much neceſſitated,
I made him preſents, ſtill he modeſtly
Would make a retribution of ſome part,
Telling me 'twas too much, too much by half!
And that he did no way deſerve my pity:
But when I did refuſe the part return'd,
Before my face he gave it to the poor;
A Charity prodigious in my eyes.
Heav'n ſurely made me take him to my houſe,
And ſince that time methinks all things have proſper'd,
I ſee the diligent care he takes of me;
Nay, of my wife, and therein of my honour;
He gives me notice of the deſignes of all,
And is ſix times more vigilant then my ſelf,
You can't imagine how his zeal aſpires:

Each frivolous action he accounts a ſin,
And 's ſcandaliz'd at the leaſt accident:
As once at 's prayers he chanc'd to catch a Flea,
And griev'd becauſe his paſſion made him kill it.

Clean. Confound him, Brother; ſure you are bewitch'd
That thus you mock your ſelf in your diſcourſe:
To what will all this folly now pretend?

Org. Brother, you talk juſt like a Libertine.
I know you are ingenious enough:
But I much fear the freedom that you take
Will draw you into inconvenience.

Clean. This ſtill is like your ordinary diſcourſe;
You would have others be as blind as you.
The good and upright men we ought to trace,
Whoſe Zele lies not in ſupercilious looks.
There's a vaſt difference, Brother; though you ſeem
Between devotion and hypocriſie
To give 'em both one character.
You equal cunning with ſincerity,
And rank with ſober truth a falſe appearance.
Eſteem a ſhadow as you would the ſubſtance,
And prize falſe money as you do the good.
Moſt part of men are very ſtrangely made,
You ſcarce can find them in their natural dreſs;
The bounds of reaſon are too narrow for 'em.
In every model they exceed their limit;
And commonly they ſpoil the nobleſt things
In over-doing by fond affectation.
Thus, Brother, I have freely ſpoke my mind.

Org. Sir, without doubt you are a Reverend Doctor;
Your head contains the knowledge of the world;
You are the onely wiſe and learned man;
An Oracle, the *Cato* of our age.
And all men elſe are Sots compar'd with you.

Clean. Sir, I pretend no Doctorſhip nor Reverence.
Nor does my head contain ſuch heaps of knowledge.
But in a word, thus much I underſtand,
How to diſcover real truth from falſhood.
And as I prize no ſort of *Hero's* more
Than thoſe I find are really devout;
Nothing i'th' world more noble nor more fair,
Than th' holy fervour of a ſincere Zele,
So, on the contrary, nothing is more odious,
Than are the plaſtered outſides of a falſe one.

Mere Mountabanks of piety, devout in publick,
Whoſe ſeeming holy and deceitful faces
Do take the freedom boldly to abuſe
What amongſt Mortals is moſt ſacred held;
Who ſacrifice their ſouls to Intereſt,
Making Religion a mere merchandiſe;
Thinking to gain a credit and eſteem
By caſting up ſeducing eyes to Heaven.
Such people make their fortunes here below,
By that falſe ardour they to Heaven ſhow:
Who in their raptures and ſtrong counterfeits
Even to the Courtiers preach retirement
They can conform their Zele unto their Vice,
Revengeful, faithleſs, full of artifice.
And to diſguiſe themſelves cover their pride
With the pretended Intereſt of Heaven;
Being more dangerous in their vehement fits,
Appearing in thoſe garbs we reverence:
And in their paſſion [to whom all ſubmit]
Aſſaſſinate us with an holy ſword.

☞ *Org.* Your judgment, Brother, 's bi:s'd by your paſſion.
You do not love profeſſours of the truth.

Clean. We ſee too many bearing this falſe ſtamp.
But honeſt hearts deſire honeſt things.
This age does offer many to our eyes,
Whoſe glorious paterns we may ſafely follow.
Who are no boaſters of their vertuous lives.
Such loathed pride in them cannot be ſeen:
But their devotion 's tractable and plain.
They will not cenſure any others errours;
Knowing that ſuch corrections ſmell of folly,
Leaving that verbal folly unto others.
'Tis by their actions they reprove our faults.
What but reſembles ſin harbours not there;
Their ſouls incline to judge the beſt of others,
They follow no Intrigues, hold no Caball;
And their chief care is onely to live well.
They never re incens'd againſt a ſinner:
'Tis againſt ſin that they apply their hate.
They ne'r eſpouſe Heavens quarel with a Zele
To aggravate both crime and puniſhment.
Such merit love that thus demean themſelves,
And are th' examples I propoſe to you.
To ſay the truth, your Man 's not of their faſhion:

But your ſtrong faith does idolize his Zele.
'Tis a falſe light that dazles thus your eyes.
Org. O Providence! how does my patience reel?
Well, have you done? have you ſaid all, or no?
Clean. Yes.
Org. Your ſervant, Sir. [*Offers to go.*
Clean. Stay, Brother; by your favour one word more.
Let 's lay aſide this talk. You know *Valere*
Has had your word to be your Son in law.
Org. Yes.
Clean. You have appointed too the Wedding day.
Org. 'Tis very true.
Clean. Why do you thus defer it?
Org. I do not know.
Clean. Is your mind altered, Brother?
Org. Perhaps it is.
Clean. Will you break your word?
Org. I do not tell you that.
Clean. No obſtacle (I hope) can ſo prevail
To make you break your plighted promiſe ſure.
Org. According as it happens.
Clean. Does one word, Sir, require ſo much cunning?
I came from *Valere*, Brother, now on purpoſe.
Org. Heaven be prais'd!
Clean. What anſwer ſhall I make him?
Org. E'en what you pleaſe, Sir.
Clean. 'Tis very fit, Sir, he ſhould know your mind;
Pray ſpeak your reſolution.
Org. Sir, to do
What Heaven would have.
Clean. But pray, Sir, ſpeak;
He has your promiſe, will you keep 't or no?
Org. Farewell. [*Exit.*
Clean. The love I bear him makes me fear his fate,
And binds me too to tell him what I hate. [*Exit.*

☞ *Laurence* and *Dorina* meet.

Laur. I 'm here within the hour ſhe ſaid ſhe 'd meet me;
Oh! how I long t' engage — but ſee, ſhe 's here
Sweet Miſtreſs *Dorina*, and how do you? you ſee that
How I 'm from my Maſter; I am not ſo demure,
But that I can lay aſide my borrow'd ſhape,
And ſhew my proper ſelf.

Dorin. What's this Preamble to that you desir'd to speak
With me about?

Laur. What, are you so hot upon the scent that you
Will not hear me out; have but a little patience,
I'le be as good as my word.

Dorin. I never question'd your honesty, good *Laurence*,
I know a man of your great zeal, that serves
So pious a Master, cannot tread awry.

Laur. Nay, Mrs. *Dorina* don't flout me; I can
Put on my visor again if that please you better.

Dorin. No *Laurence*, I protest I'me serious;
I take thee for an honest fellow, and believe
You are true-hearted.

Laur. Faith so I am; and if you'll hearken to me,
I'le open all my secrets to you.

Dorin. Hold me no longer in
Suspence, good *Lawrence*; tell me what you have to say in earnest.

Laur. Why this: during that most happy time wherein my
Master and my self receiv'd our entertainment first
In *Orgon*'s house. I have observ'd a modesty in your looks,
And such a pleasant raillery in your speech, as have
Attracted all my Faculties to become your Votaries.
Nor have my senses enjoy'd their usual repose;
Where're I am at Church, or with my Master,
Dorina still appears to all my thoughts: neither
Can pennance or discipline force her from me.

Dor. Nay, *Laurence*, if this be all your Errand,
Fare you well. [Dorina *offers to go*; Laurence *stays her.*

Lau. Nay, sweet *Dorina* stay. Think you I am
Not flesh and blood as well as you, since I first
Knew what 'twas to write man, I had an
Inclination, at Itch at——

Dor. At what?

Lau. Nay, you're so hasty,
But to the point, as *Tartuffe* says.

Dor. How now *Laurence*; what plain *Tartuffe*?

Lau. Plain *Tartuffe*! why what would you have me
Call him? 'tis true he is my Master, but——

Dor. But what? Nay *Laurence* prithee speak.

Lau. No, no, Mrs. *Dorina*, soft and faire;
If I should tell you all at once you'd slight me.

Dor. No, seriously I will not.

Lau. How should I dare believe you in that,
When upon my very first speech, you have

So ready to flie away.

Dorin. *aside.* Here's ſomething more may be drawn from this Fellow then yet I am aware of, therefore I muſt Humour him a little. No truly, *Laurence*, I only made A pretence of going, led by Modeſty, You being the firſt that e're made love to me, But ſince I hope you will prove real I'm content To hear you further.

Lau. Now art thou far more beautiful and glorious Then are thoſe Saints and Angels my Maſter ſo much Talks of, and thou ſhalt be the Load-ſtar of all my Actions, And the Saint to whom my beſt of Services ſhall Be devoted: Now, now methinks the ſpirit grows Too weak: yea, and the fleſh grows ſtrong: My ſweet *Dorina.* [*offers to kiſs her, ſhe puts him by.*

Dor. Nay fye, *Laurence.* [*He offers again.*

Nay then, ſtand off: who would have Thought a man of your humble profeſſion, Had been ſo metalſome? and ſeriouſly Unleſs you give me ſatisfaction for this affront, I'le put you to a penance you'll not like of.

Within: *Tartuffe, Laurence! Laurence!*

Laur. Pardon me, ſweet *Dorina.* [Tartuffe *calls within* Laurence! Alas, my Maſter calls, I muſt go in Laurence! And practice all demureneſs, farewel till Next we meet. *Exit* Laurence. [*Enters with* Tartuffe *as to Church.*

Enter Tartuffe, *and paſſes over the ſtage in a demure poſture With books as going to Church.*

Tar. Come *Laurence*, you neglect your prayers too much.

Dorin. Thus far 'tis well: And from hence happily I may extract. [Dorina *ſmiles at him.* Somewhat for my young Myſtriſs's advantage. Her father's grown ſo extravigantly fond Of this ſame *Tartuffe*, that I much fear the iſſue His Intentions. But by this means I'le finde out his deſign, And his fond humors ſtrive t' out-wit by mine. [*Exit.*

ACT.

ACT. II. SCEN. I.

Orgon. Mariana.

Org. MAriana.
Mar. Sir. [*Orgon looks in the Apartment.*
Org. Come hither, Child, I have a ſecret for you.
Mar. Pray what d' you look for, Sir?
Org. My Child, I'm ſearching
If any may be there that can o'r-hear us. [*Looks in agen.*
So now we're well: *Mariana*, I've obſerv'd,
That from thine Infancy thou haſt been meek,
And an obedient child, for which I love thee;
Mar. I ſtand indebted for your great affection.
Org. 'Tis well ſaid, Child, and more to merit it.
You ought to have a care ſtill to content me.
Mar. In that I place my higheſt glory, Sir.
Org. Well ſaid, my Chick; what thinkſt thou then of *Tartuffe*?
Mar. Who, I Sir?
Org. You? take heed, Child, how you anſwer.
Mar. Alas, Sir! I'll ſay any thing you'd have me.
Org. 'Tis wiſely ſaid; tell me then, my dear Child,
If any ſignal merit in his perſon
Has won upon thy heart; and, if it pleaſe thee,
To ſee him by my choice preferr'd thy Husband.
Mar. Ah me! [*She retires ſurpriz'd.*
Org. What's the matter?
Mar. Pleaſe you, Sir.
Org. What?
Mar. Am I ſurpriz'd?
Org. How?
Mar. Who would you have me ſay has won my heart?
What prodigy is that you'd have to pleaſe me?
Whom would your choice offer me as an Husband?
Org. *Tartuffe*.
Mar. I'le ſwear he has no influence here. [*Points to her breaſt.*
Why would you have me ſpeak ſuch an impoſture?

Org.

Org. But I will have it prove a verity;
It is enough for you that he's my choice.
Mar. Pray father, what——
Org. Yes Daughter, I pretend
To unite him to our family, by Marriage;
I am resolv'd that He shall be your Husband,
And as I have a pow'r.—————— [*Spies* Dorina *at the Entry.*

SCEN. II.

Dorina. Orgon. Mariana.

What do you there? [to *Dorina.*
Your Curiosity is very strong,
How durst you thus invade my privacy?
Dor. I know not whether 'tis a false report,
Or some conjecture, or a hit of chance,
But of this Marriage I have heard some inkling,
And I concluded twas but a meer fiction.
Org. Then 't seems to you a thing incredible?
Dor. So much incredible it seems indeed,
That though you swear it Sir, I le not believe you.
Org. I know the way to make you change your faith,
Dor. Yes, yes, you tell us, Sir, a pleasant story.
Org. I tell you justly what you'll quickly finde.
Dor. You're merry Sir.
Org. Daughter, I do not jest.
Dor. All this is raillery, Madam, do'nt believe him.
Org. I tell you——
Dor. Nay Sir, you'll have enough to do.
We do'nt believe you.
Org. Do not provoke me hussy.
Dor. The worst is yours, Sir, if it should be true,
The world will say, Can a wise man that has
A comely beard i'th' middle of his face
Like him, be such a fool for to——
Org. I prithee do not tempt me thus to anger;
You've taken divers priviledges here,
Which do not please me, friend, I tell you so.
Dor. Let's talk without offence, Sir, I beseech you.
What was your promise to *Valere*? a false one?
Your Daughter Sir's not fit for such a Saint,
He has Employments proper for his thoughts;
Did Providence thus amply bless you Sir;
And make you Master of such large Revenues,

To

To chuſe a beggar for your ſon-in-law?

Org. That does not any way concern you.
Know for that cauſe we owe him reverence;
No doubt his Miſery comes not from deſert,
Fortune and vertue always are at odds.
And that's the cauſe he ſhould be priz'd 'bove greatneſs,
Since that he ſuffer'd loſs of his eſtate
By the ſmall care he took of temp'ral things,
And ſtrong appliance made to thoſe eternal,
But with my ſuccour I may be a means,
To ſettle him in his eſtate agen,
His Titles in the Countrey are firm,
And he's a Gentleman I can aſſure you.

Dorin. Yes Sir, we know he tells you ſo, this boaſt
Do's not at all become his piety,
Whoe're pretends an innocent holy life,
Ought not to vaunt his name, nor his Extraction,
The humble proceſs of Devotion,
Can ill digeſt Ambition's haughty phraſe,
But this diſcourſe offends you;
Could you without remorſe poſſeſs this fellow,
With ſuch a precious Jewel as your Daughter?
You ought Sir to conſider decencies,
And to prevent the ſequels of this union.
You run the hazard of your Daughter's virtue,
The only way to keep her name from ſpot,
Depends upon the Harmony that ſhould
Attend the freedom of united Lovers,
Who only by their Parents will do wed,
Think it no crime to graft their husbands head.
'Tis a great difficulty to live faithful,
But eſpecially with one of ſuch a humour,
Who gives his daughter to a man ſhe loaths,
Stands bound to Heaven for any fault ſhe acts,
Think to what perils your deſigns will bring you.

Org. What yet no end? my patience is quite tir'd;
It ſeems that I muſt come to learn of you.

Dor. You will not do amiſs to take my counſel. [*To his Daughter.*

Org. Do not reflect on any of theſe ſtories,
I am your father, and I know your wants.
I gave my word to *Valere* he ſhould have you,
But beſides play, I'm told he is inclin'd,
[And I ſuſpect 't] to be a Libertine:
I have obſerv'd, he does not go to Church.

Dor.

Dor. Would you oblige him be preeise at houres,
Like such who go a purpose to be seen.
Org. I need not your advice about this business. [To *Dorina.*
The other Match is pleasing too to Heaven.—— [To *Mar.*
Which is true riches beyond all comparison.
Hymen will here all your desires complete,
Your life will be all sweetness and all pleasure;
Together you will live in innocence,
Like little children, or as Turtle Doves.
Debate will finde no harbour, 'twixt you two,
And you may do with him e'en as you please.
Dor. You'll make him but an Oph, as Nature made him.
Org. How now? what's this discourse?
Dor. He looks like one.
Dor. I speak Sir, only for your interest. [*Still as he speaks she interrupts.*
Org. You are too careful Mrs. *Pert*, be gone.
Dor. Sir, if I did not love you.——
Org. I would not have you.——
Dor. Sir, I will love you whether you will or no.
Org. Ah——
Dor. Your Honour's dear to me, I suffer in it,
To see you sacrific't to every trifle.
Org. I prithee peace.
Dor. My Conscience wo'nt permit,
That I should let you make such an Alliance.
Org. Be silent Serpent, thy affrontive tongue——
Dor. Let not your passion thus transport you, Sir.
Org. Your idleness has so enrag'd my choller,
That now I am resolv'd to silence you.
Dor. Well: though I say nothing, I'le not think the less.
Org. Think if thou wilt, but make it not thy business. [Dorina *seems to stand silently.*
To speak to me, when——so; * like a wise man [* *Turning to* Mar.
I have deliberately weigh'd every thing.
Dor. What a vexation s this I must not speak? [*He turns to* Dorina, *stands upright and silent, and then turns to* Mariana.
Org. Though *Tartuffe*, Daughter, be no great Gallant,
Yet he is Master of those excellent parts——
Dor. A goodly picture, Sir, indeed to look on.
Org. If you can harbour any sympathy
For all his other Gifts. [*He turns before her, and looks upon her with his arms across.*
Dor. She's well holp up.
If I were in her place, I'de shew you quickly,
I'de not be forc'd to marry any body;
And he should finde after the holy days,

A woman always has her vengeance ready,
Org. You take no notice then of what I say? [*To* Dorina *sternly.*
Dor. Why do you fret Sir, I say nothing to you.
Org. Who do you talk to then?
Dor. E'en to my self, Sir.
Org. 'Tis well: now to reward her Insolence. [*aside.*
I will surprize her with a cuff o'th' ear.
[*He puts himself into a posture to give her a blow o'th' face.*
And Dorina *at each glance of his eye stands demurely silent.*
Daughter, you ought for to approve my Intention,
And to believe the Husband——I've elected——
Why don't you speak?
Dor. I can say nothing to you.
Org. One little word. [*To* Mariana.
Dor. It does not please me, Sir.
Org. I shall box you Hussy. [*To* Dorina *at a distance.*
Dor. A fool would take it faith.——
Org. Come child, you ought to be obedient to me;
Refer your self entirely to my choice.
Dor. I scorn to marry such a Boobey, Sir. [*Runs away till he's gone off.*
Org. strikes at her and miss es her.
Org. Oh that's a plague wench that waits upon you;
She urges me to passion and to sin; [*In rage.*
I cannot live with her, nor can I utter
What I intended, I am so enrag'd.
Her insolent discourse has fir'd my thoughts.
That I must take the Aire to cool my self. [*Exit.*

SCEN. III.

Dorina, Mariana.

Dor. Pray tell me truly, have you lost your tongue,
And in this business must I act your part?
That you could hear propos'd you such a project
Without one word of answer or resentment.
Mar. What should I do against a father's power?
Dor. What you are bound to do 'gainst such Proposals
Mar. What's that?
Dor. Why freely to declare your inward thoughts,
As that your heart can't love by others liking:
How that you marry for your self, not him,
And since in this affair 'tis your concern,
'Tis you, not him, the Husband ought to please,
Since *Tartuffe* is so charming in his eyes,

Let

Let his own heart become his Sacrifice.

Mar. All this and more *I* justly might aver;
But knowing a father's pow'r is absolute,
My courage fails me, *I* can answer nothing.

Dor. Let us dispute it; *Valere* has made love to you;
Pray tell me do you love him, *I* or no?

Mar. Toward's my love thy injustice is too great;
You should not ask that question, my *Dorina!*
Have *I* not told thee one hundred times my heart?
Thou know'st how strong my passion for him is.

Dor. How should *I* know your tongue and heart agree?
Or that those flames are real you pretend?

Mar. You injure me *Dorina*, thus to doubt me;
And my resentments have bin made too publick.

Dor. In short, you love him then?

Mar. Dorina, strangely.

Dor. And in appearance he loves you so too.

Mar. I do believe he does.

Dor. And both desire to be joyn'd in Marriage; ha?

Mar. I think it seriously, my dear *Dorina.*

Dor. And what do you resolve about this Union?

Mar. To die *Dorina*, rather then be forc'd.

Dor. 'Tis well; *I* did not dream of such a course:
Death is a certain way to disingage you;
The remedy is wonderful! *I'm* mad
To hear you use such paltry silly language.

Mar. What spirit, my *Dorina*, does possess thee,
That thou hast no compassion of my grief?

Dor. *I* cannot pity those that tell sad tales,
Whom *I* have found so meek on such occasions.

Mar. What would'st thou have me do if *I* am timorous?

Dor. Love in the heart requires constancy.

Mar. Do not *I* keep it for my dear *Valere?*
And ought not he t'obtain me from my father?

Dor. But if your father be such a blind Buzzard,
To be thus strangely taken with *Tartuffe*;
And to break off that Union first design'd,
The fault can't be imputed to your Lover.

Mar. Dost think it would consist with Modesty,
To own my Flames, and shew my heart's concern
For my *Valere?* and on the contrary,
T'express the real hate *I* have for *Tartuffe?*
Will it not wrong the vertue of our Sex,
Not prejudice a Daughter's duty neither?

If I thought not, I'de tell it all the world.
Give me thy counsel, wou'dst thou have me do this?
Dor. No, no, I wou'd have nothing; I see you have
An inclination to be *Tartuff*'s wife;
And I should do you injury to dissuade you;
'Tis no small happiness to be his bed-fellow.
He is a man famous in's Reputation,
Of a good person, Noble Parentage;
You'll live too happily with such a husband.
Mar. Oh Heaven!
Dor. What Joy will then possess your soul,
To see your self the wife of such a Saint?
Mar. Prithee leave off this strange discourse of thine,
And open me a way t'avoid this Marriage.
Speak, I am silent, ready to obey.
Dor. No, no, a Daughter must obey her father,
Though he shu'd chuse a Monkey for her Husband?
Your Fortune's very good, why d'ye complain?
You shall ride down and see his Mannor-house,
Which you shall finde replete with goods and servants,
And all his Kindred waiting t'entertain you;
And shall be visited at your first coming,
By Mrs. Mayor, and Mrs. Constable;
Nay more, be-honour'd with a groaning Chair,
And in the Holy-days be nobly treated
With charming Bag-Pipes, and the Morris dancers;
And at the Countrey-Faits with Puppet-shows;
And all this while your Husband ——
Mar. Ah! you kill me!
Give me some succour rather by thy counsel.
Dor. Your servant, Madam—— [*offers to go away.*
Mar. Ah *Dorina*! stay!——
Dor. All this must happen for your punishment.
Mar. Nay, prithee Girle.
Dor. No.
Mar. If I declare my vows——
Dor. No, *Tartuffe*'s your man, you must be silent.
Mar. You know that I have always trusted thee,
Do me——
Dor. No, no, you shall be Tar-tuf-fy-fi'd.
Mar. Well: since my evil fortune cannot move thee,
I prithee leave me now to my despair;
From that my heart shall borrow its assistance;
I know th'infallible Cure of misery. *offers to go in haste.*

Dor.

Dor. Stay, ſtay, Madam, I'le lay aſide my Anger,
And ſpite of it will take ſome pity on you.
Mar. Rather then to this Torture be expos'd,
I'le chuſe, *Dorina*, a moſt ſudden death.
Dor. Do not torment your ſelf, for what we can
Hinder with eaſe, and if I'm not miſtaken,
I have a plot will break the whole deſign——
But hold, here comes *Valere*, your Lover Madam.

SCEN. IV.

Valere, Mariana, Dorina.

Val. Madam, juſt now ſtrange news attaqu'd my eare,
Before to me unknown, and which I doubt
May be too pleaſing to you.
Mar. Pray what is't?
Val. That you muſt have *Tartuffe* to be your husband.
Mar. 'Tis very true, ſuch a deſign my father has in's head.
Val. Your father, Madam!
Mar. Yes Sir, my Father has quite chang'd his minde,
And came a purpoſe to propoſe it to me.
Val. But are you ſerious?
Mar. Yes in good truth I am;
And for this Marriage highly he declares.
Val. And what wou'd you in this affair deſign?
Speak Madam.
Mar. I can't tell.
Val. The Anſwer's rode,
You cannot tell?
Mar. No.
Val. No?
Mar. What wou'd you counſel me?
Val. I counſel you to take him for a husband.
Mar. Is that your Counſel Sir?
Val. Yes.
Mar. But do you mean ſo?
Val. Yes.
The Choice is noble, you ought to liſten to't.
Mar. 'Tis well; I ſhall receive your Counſel Sir.
Val. 'Twill not pain you much to follow it.
Mar. Not quite ſo much as you have felt to give it.
Val. I gave't a purpoſe, Madam, for to pleaſe you,

Mar.

Mar. And to please you I shall accept it, Sir.

Dor. 'Tis pleasant to observe how they're entangl'd.

Val. Madam, is this your love! oh fickle sex!
Can you forget——

Mar. Nay, do not speak of't, Sir,
You frankly said, I ought to listen to't.
And since he is presented by my father,
I do declare that I pretend t'accept him,
Since you have given me this wholesom Counsel.

Val. Do not excuse your self with my Advice;
Your resolutions were already made,
You catch at every frivolous pretension,
For an authority to break your word.

Mar. 'Tis true, and you say well.

Val. And I do think,
You never had a real passion for me.

Mar. Be't so; y' have permission Sir to think.

Val. Yes, I've permission; but
I'le prevent the like design.

Mar. I do not doubt it; those ardours that excite
True merit——

Val. Mariana, do not talk on't;
I have but little, and you have prov'd it now;
But tis some comfort to me,
Tha without shame they can repair my loss.

Mar. The loss is little since by this one change,
You can so easily find a reparation.

Val. I will do what I can you may believe it;
Our glory is engag'd to make't our business,
Which though we cannot compass, we should feign it.

Mar. Sir, this resentment's generous and noble.

Val. 'Tis well, and every one ought to approve it.
How between love and passion am I split?
Must I then see you clos'd in others armes?
Not caring for that heart you have enslav'd

Mar. All my designs require the contrary,
For I cou'd wish the Marriage-knot were ty'd,
So to unite our pre-engaged hearts.

Val. But cou'd you wish it?

Mar. Yes.

Val These your insulting trials are too much;
Madam farewel. [*He makes a step forward, and returns.*

Mar. 'Tis well done, Sir.

Val. At least remember Madam, that 'tis you

Con-

Conſtrain my heart to this extremity.
Mar. Yes.
Val. And that deſign my heart has now conceiv'd,
Is but to follow your example.
Mar. To my example be it.
Val. Enough,
From this time forward, I'm no more your ſervant. [*Offers to go.*
Mar. So much the better.
Val. Look Madam; 'tis for ever. [*Comes back.*
Mar. In good time Sir.
Val. Ah me! [*Goes away, and at the door looks back and returns.*
Mar. Return'd ſo ſoon, pray what's the matter Sir?
Val. Did you call me Madam?
Mar. I call you, ſure you dream.
Val. Then I purſue my Journey.
Farewel for ever Madam.
Mar. Sir, farewel.
Dor. Now do I think
By this extravigance you both ha' loſt your wits;
I let you all this while pickeer on purpoſe,
To ſee to what effect 'twou'd come at laſt,
And here's a fair event, hold, hold, *Valere.* [*She takes him by the arms, he ſeems to make a great reſiſtance.*
Val. VVhat wou'dſt thou have, *Dorina*?
Dor. Sir, come back.
Val. No, no, deſpite o'rewhelms me.
Pray do not hinder what ſhe'd have me do.
Dor. Stay.-- I requeſt you.
Val. No: thou ſeeſt it is reſolv'd.
Dor. What is?
Mar My ſight offends him, my preſence drives him hence;
I ſhould do well to leave the place to him. [*She goes*; Dor. *leaves* Valere, *and follows* Mariana.
Dor. Whither d' you run?
Mar. Prithee *Dorina* leave me.
Dor. Madam, you muſt come back.
Mar. No, no, *Dorina*, in vain thou doſt detain me,
Val. I ſee my face is but a torment to her,
And therfore I reſolve to give her freedom. [Dorina *holds* Mariana *by the hand and runs after* Valere.
Dor. Agen, ſure O my conſcience you are
Both bewitch'd.
Leave off this folly, and come hither both. [*Draws 'em both together.*
Val. What's thy deſign, *Dorina*?
Mar. What doſt thou mean to do?
Dor. E'en put you both together, and make you friends.
Are you both mad to be thus whimſical?

Val.

Val. Did you not hear her what she said *Doriva*?
Dor. As sure as can be, you are both distracted.
Mar. Did not you see how ill he treated me?
Dor. Forbear, good Madam, Sir, her chiefest care
Is to preserve you hers: I am her witness. [*To* Valere
And he loves only you; upon my life, [*To* Mariana.
His envie, Madam, tends to be your Husband.
Mar. Why did he give me then such wicked counsel?
Val. Why did she ask it then on such a subject?
Dor. More folly yet? come lend me each a hand;
Nay, dally not, dispatch. [Valere *gives his hand*
Val. Well, to what end? [*Mariana *gives hers after some seeming un*
Dor. Come, now for yours. *O fain I would but loth I am. *willingness*
Mar. What will all this come to?
Dor. Advance, advance; come quickly,
You love much better then you think for both.
Val. Nay, *Mariana*, what you do, do chearfully.
Dor. To say the truth, Lovers are full of frolicks. [Mariana *smiles*
Val. Madam, have I not reason to complain? *at* Valere *who*
And not to flatter, you were much unkind *spies her.*
In taking pleasure to afflict me thus.
Mar. But are not you the most ungrateful man--
Dor. No more of this at present, let's contrive
And think of putting by this horrid match.
Mar. Think on some project we may put in practice.
Dor. Come let us cast our plots in several formes;
Your father's fond resolves shall never daunt you:
If you think fit to follow my advice:
For you 'twere better, to's extravigance,
To lend the sweet appearance of consent,
In case of an Alarm; that with more ease
You may propose a longer day of marriage.
By time we purchase remedy for all,
Sometimes you may pretend you are not well;
A sudden Sickness will procure delays.
Another while may apprehend bad Omens;
As that you met by chance with a dead man;
Threw down the Salt, or dreamt of muddy waters;
But if all these together will not do,
One comfort yet remains, that all the world
Can ne're oblige you, if you say not yes.
But above other things I think it fitting
That now you part, lest you be seen together.
Go, and delay not, Master, all your friends. [*To* Valere.

To

To make him keep the promiſe that he made you:
Whi e we procure his brother to our ſide,
And to our party joyn the Mother-in-law.
So fare you well.
Val. What force ſoever we can now prepare;
In you is all my hope, for you my care. [*To* Mariana.
Mar. I cannot anſwer for a father's will;
But be aſſur'd I am my *Valere*'s ſtill. [*To* Valere.
Val. How I'm o'rewhelm'd with joy? and now I dare——
Dor. Lovers are never weary of diſcourſe:
Go, get you gone, I ſay. [Valere *goes a ſtep and returns.*
Val. Well, to conclude——
Dor. No more of this diſcourſe.
Here part, dear friends, and baniſh all your fears;
Go, go, divide: courage till our next meeting. [*Separates 'em, and puſhes them off at ſeverul doors. Exeunt.*

☞ Lord, what a coil is here! and now they're gone.
Unleſs I play my part 'twill come to nothing.
I have a crochet in my head that may,
If it hit right, prevent much future trouble:
Laurence, this *Tartuffe*'s Man, pretends to me
A kindneſs more then ordinary: I by him,
Under pretence of yielding to his amours,
Muſt dive into the ſecrets of his maſter;
And if I can but find what I ſuſpect,
'Tis not his Zealous port ſhall bear him out.
I hug my ſelf i'th' phanſie; and ſee here
(As if the Fates, propitious to my care
T'effect my honeſt projects, did decree't)
Laurence appears. I'le feign not to have ſeen him. [*She offers to go.*

SCENE V.

Enter Laurence.

Laur. Nay, ſweet *Dorina*, what makes you haſte away ſo faſt?
Did my approach affright you?
Dor. No indeed, *Laurence*; but I was ſeriouſly going
About a little buſineſs, and did not ſee you.
Laur. Have you conſider'd of what I imparted to you
At our laſt meeting?
Dor. I have.
Laur. And will your phanſie prompt you to hearken to my ſuit?
Dor. *Laurence*, I thought
You had ſeen no difference of Sex; and this has made
Me ſparing in receiving your addreſſes: and, I confeſs,
My jocoſe humour wou'd not agree with your auſtere
Retirements. But if you will promiſe——

Laur. Hold, dear *Dorina*, if this be all you scruple at,
I'le satisfie you quickly: for by this light *I* am no
More what *I* appear, then i ——

Dor. Who? prethee, Loll, tell me.

Laur. My master.

Dor. Why does thy master counterfeit?

Laur. Nay, *Dorina*, too much of one thing 's good for nothing.
You desire too fast, that shall be the work of another time:
I'le onely now give you an account of my self. Know then,
Though *I* am *Tartuff*'s Man, and receive wages of him,
His agreement with my friends was otherwise; but since he
Has got me fast, he uses me at his pleasure. *I* perceiving
This, and to creep into his favour, pretended by his sanctity
To be a Convert, and took upon me the humour you have
Seen: and by this means have won so much upon him,
That *I* am his Secretary, the Repository of his privacies, and
What not? and (*I* must tell you) among all his acquaintance
Have an Interest.

Dor. But, *Laurence*, all this concerns me nothing; this Interest
That you boast of, is the main thing *I* fear: the austerity
Of your life, *I* doubt, will ne'r bear with my merry disposition.

Laur. For that, *Dorina*, trouble not your self;
I see you know me not; for if you did,
You'd say that your temper and mine were both
Modell'd alike; for *I* can be as blithe,
And frolicksom as the most wanton Courtier.

SONG. [*Sings with Antick postures, and after dances a Jig.*

Spend not thy time in vain, my Love,
But answer my desires:
Be bucksom, blithe, my pretty Dove,
Meet me with equal fires.

For if thou longer dost delay,
Thy beauties soon will fade thee:
In honour thou art bound to pay
Those debts which Nature made thee.

Since my designs are fair and just,
How canst thou well deny me?
In faithful Laurence thou mayst trust,
Then come and lie down by me.

This is a touch to shew you that *I* can ——

Dor.

Dor. Yea marry, this is somewhat like; I perceive there
May be some hopes in the matter: but, *Laurence*, prethee
Laurence, tell me one thing; does your master intend to marry
With my mistress?

Laur. 'Tis so believ'd: nay *Orgon* himself gives credit to it;
But my master——

Dor. What does thy master, sweet *Laurence*?

Laur. Why, Faith he has a further reach then marriage,
Though perhaps he may seem to drive that nail too:
He finds *Orgon* inclin'd to him, and he's resolv'd to
Work upon his good nature: besides, *Elmira* 's fair,
And of an affable deportment: but that's not all;
When next we meet *I* may perchance give you further
Intelligence: but (good *Dorina*) don't betray me; let
Not my good will to thee be repay'd with treachery. I
Know such courteous sweetness can carry no deceit. Let
Me before *I* go kiss thy fair hand; such favour
Will encourage me to undertake the greatest hazards.
Farewell, *Dorina*.* Once agen farewell. *Exit.* [* *He goes a little away, turning back says,*

Dor. So he is gone, and I'le no longer stay,
But with this news fly, fly, to avoid delay. *Exit.*

ACT. III. SCEN. I.

Damis, Dorina.

Dam. LEt horrour and despair attend my destiny,
Let me be ever branded for a Coward,
If the respect or pow'r of any hinder
The execution of my resolv'd design.

Dor. Pray moderate the extravagance of your p ssion:
Your father has but simply said, not done.
Things are propos'd before they're executed:
The proje & is a great way off the action.

Dam. I must contrive to stop their base complot
By whisp'ring a word i'th' Zealot's ear.

Dor. No, leave't to me; Softly and fair goes far.
With him and with your f ther in their fits
Your mother is best able to prevail.
She has some influence upon *Tartuffe*,
If *I* have any skill in Divination;

And he'll accompliſh what ſhe ſhall requeſt,
For I have obſerv'd him very ſweet upon her.
Dam. If that be true, it falls out luckily.
Dor. Make your advantage of it to her Honour.
Your Intereſt does oblige you to entreat her,
To ſtudy all ſhe can to break this marriage:
And let her underſtand by your reſentments
Th' inevitable ruine of the family,
If this deſign of theirs be e're accompliſht.
I have prepar'd already,——
Dam. Wou'd I cou'd come to ſpeak with him, his man
But even now deni'd me entrance to him;
Told me he was at prayers.
Dor. But I ſaw him ſince you, and then I'm ſure
He told me was juſt a coming down.
Pray go your ways, and I'le attend him here;
But hide you in the Cloſet by the Parlour.
Dam. Why may not I be preſent at your meeting?
Dor. No, we muſt be alone; go you where I direct you.
Dam. I prithee let me ſtay; I will ſay nothing.
Dor. No, no; I am acquainted with your humour;
And 'tis the ready way to ſpeak our buſineſs:
Pray let me proſecute my own deſign.
Dam. I'le promiſe you that I will ſhew no paſſion.
Dor. What yet? you're very troubleſome, he comes. [*Exit* Damis.

SCEN. II.

Tartuffe, Laurence, Dorina.
Tartuffe perceiving *Dorina.*

Tart. Lay up my Hair-cloth and my diſcipline,
And always pray to Heav'n t'enlighten you:
If any come to viſit me, ſay I'm gone
To diſſipate my Almes among the priſ'ners. [*Exit* Laurence.
Dor. What affectation and blind zeal is this?
Tart. What wou'dſt thou?
Dor. —— I come——
Tart Ah! the ſweet Heav'ns! I pray you
Before you ſpeak to take this handkerchief. [*Pulls one out of his pocket.*
Dor. What for?
Tart. To hide that tempting breaſt I can't behold;
By ſuch like Objects our poor ſouls are wounded;

And,

And many ſinful thoughts they breed in us.
Dor. It ſeems you'r very tender to temptation;
Can fleſh make ſuch impreſſion on your ſenſes?
I'm ignorant what heat has ſo inflam'd you,
And feel not in my ſelf ſuch inclinations:
Sir, I dare ſwear that I cou'd ſee you naked,
Yet not be tempted for the matter neither.
Tart. Pray mingle your diſcourſe with modeſtie;
Or elſe you'll make me quickly flie the place.
Dor. No Sir, you ſhall not need, I muſt be gone,
I have but two or three words to ſay to you;
My Lady's coming ſtrait into this Parlour,
Where ſhe deſires your vertuous converſation.
Tart. Alas! moſt willingly.
Dor. How ſweet he's on't? [*aſide.*
I dare be bold that all I ſaid is true.
Tart. Will ſhe come preſently?
Dor. I think I hear her Sir.
Yes, 'tis her ſelf in perſon, *I* muſt leave you.

SCEN. III.

Elmira, Tartuffe.

Tart. May bounteous Heav'n always contribute health
Both to your ſoul and body, vertuous Madam.
And may the humble pray'rs of pious men
Prevail to pull down bleſſings on you here. [*They ſeat themſelves.*
Elm. I am indebted for your holy pray'rs.
Come, let's ſet down, that we may talk a little.
Tart. And how d'ye feel your ſelf ſince your late ſickneſs?
Elm. Well, *I* thank Heav'n ſince my Feaver left me.
Tart. I do confeſs my prayers were much too weak
So ſuddenly to get this bleſſing for you;
But *I*'le aſſure you *I* did ne're omit
The object of your health in my devotions.
Elm. Sir, *I* do fear, *I* did diſturb your zeal.
Tart. I cannot ſet too high eſteem upon you,
I would have giv'n my health to have purchaſ'd yours.
Elm. Your charity methinks extends too far;
Tart. I have done much leſs then you have merited.
Elm. I have ſome ſecret buſineſs with you, Sir.
And *I* am very glad we are alone.
Tart. I'm almoſt raviſh'd, Madam, with the joy

To

To find my ſelf ſingly alone with you,
It is a bleſſing I have beg'd of Heav'n,
Without being ever granted till this hour.
Elm. Sir, in this buſineſs that I ſhall requeſt,
You muſt be open-hearted, and hide nothing.
Tart. I will not, Madam, ſince I have th'occaſion
To open here before you my whole ſoul;
And I do ſwear that all that I have ſaid
With ſo much paſſion 'gainſt your Viſitors,
Did not proceed from hate, but love to you:
Tranſported by a zeal that did conſtrain me
By a pure motion——
Elm. Sir, I take it well.
And know y'are carefnl of my future good. [*He preſſes her hand.*
Tart. Madam, 'tis truth my fervour too is ſuch.——
Elm. Oh Sir! you hurt my hand. [*She cries out.*
Tart. 'Tis through exceſs of zeal.
I have no deſign to do you any harm,
I had rather be--- [*Puts his hand upon her knees.*
Elm. What does your hand do here? [*Draws back her Chair, and*
Tart. I feel the ſoftneſs of your garment, Madam. *he approaches his.*
Elm. Pray, Sir, forbear, I me very tickliſh.
Tart. Good Heav'ns! with how much skill this point is wrought!
This Age produces miracles in Art:
In ev'ry thing th're become excellent.
Elm. 'Tis true, but let us ſpeak now to our buſineſs.
They ſay my husband, Sir, has perbroke his promiſe,
And wou'd give you his Daughter; is it ſo?
Tart. Such words have paſt, but Madam to ſpeak truth,
That's not the happineſs that I ſigh after:
The glorious object of my felicity,
Is elſewhere plac'd, which chiefly I deſire.
Elm. No earthly beauty can deſerve your love.
Tart. Madam, I'm humane, made of fleſh and blood,
My breaſt does not encloſe a heart of ſtone.
Elm. Sir, I believe your ſighs do tend to Heav'n;
And nothing here below attracts your fancy.
Tart. That love we fix upon eternal Beauty
Does not command us to hate temp'ral things.
Our ſenſes very eaſily are charm'd
With thoſe Perfections which the Heav'ns have form'd.
And do you think that I who have diſcern'd,
That Heav'n has grav'd on you all thoſe rare wonders,
And in your Countenance has plac'd thoſe beauties

Which do inflame the heart, ſurprize the eyes,
Should ſee and not admire them.—
Moſt perfect Beauty, I can't behold you longer,
Without in you admiring Nature's Authour;
I feel my heart touch'd with an ardent love,
Of his beſt Image where himſelf is painted.
But ſtay, I am afraid this ſecret flame
Is but the ſubtile work of ſome black ſpirit;
I know my heart ſhould flie your piercing eyes,
As from the obſtacle of my Soul's happineſs;
But yet I find, oh amiable Beauty!
That this my paſſion ma'nt be criminal;
may aſſwage it by my warineſs.
Oh for this action I approve my heart,
Though't be preſumption, I confeſs, in me,
Daring to make my heart your offering;
I truſt my Vows mixt with your goodneſs, Madam,
May ſoon blot out th' effects of my infirmity;
In you is all my hope, my wealth, my quiet,
On you depends my Torment, or Beatitude:
My fate's included in your ſentence, Madam,
I'm happy or unhappy as you make me.

Elm. This frank diſcovery is very gallant:
But to ſay truth it does ſurprize me much.
You ſhou'd methinks have been prepar'd much better,
With ſtronger Arguments on this occaſion;
A devout man, and every where renown'd——

Tart. Ah! though devout, yet I am ſtill but man
And when I ſee your heavenly perſon by me,
My heart is captiv'd, and I cannot argue.
I know that this diſcourſe looks ſtrange from me;
But Madam after all, I'm not an Angel.
And if you do condemn what I have done,
You ought to blame your charming beauty too.
At the firſt glance of your admir'd ſplendour
You won the ſoveraignty of my Interiours.
Th'ineffable ſweetneſs of your divine aſpect
Forc'd the reſiſtance of my ſtubborn heart,
And conquer'd all my faſtings, pray'rs and tears.
My eyes and ſighs ſpoke this 100 times
And now I employ my voice t expreſs it better.

Elm. How little does my huſband think of this. [*aſide.*

Tart. Do but contemplate, moſt beauteous ſoul,
The Tribulations of a ſlave unworthy;

'Tis onely you, you Madam, can ſupport me,
Or ravel me back agen to my firſt nothing.
I ſhall retain for you, O ſweeteſt wonder!
Such a devotion that's unmatchable.
With me you run no hazard in your honour;
And on my part you need fear no diſgrace.
Thoſe Courtly Gallants, whoſe fooliſh prating wives
Are vain in words, and babling o' their deeds,
Still in their progreſs betray themſelves:
Receive no favours which they don't divulge;
And he who truſts to their tongues indiſcretion,
Diſhonours th' altar where his heart is ſacrificed.
But who (like us) burn with a love diſcreet,
With thoſe our ſecrets are for ever ſure.
That care we take ſtill to preſerve our fame,
Is a ſufficient ſurety for our love.
In us is found (the heart once being accepted)
Love without ſcandal, pleaſure without fear.

Elm. Sir, I have heard you; and your Rhetorick
In good ſtrong terms has full expreſt your ſoul:
But don't you apprehend I'm of the humour
To tell my husband all this Gallantry?
And that the prompt advice of ſuch a love
May'nt change the amity that now he bears you?

Tart. I know you are too full of goodneſs, Madam;
And that you'l ſeal my pardon for this raſhneſs:
At leaſt that you'l excuſe through humane frailty
The violent motion of that love offends you:
And when you turn your eyes upon your ſelf,
And ſee your own perfections, you'l conſider,
That men have eyes, and that they're made of fleſh.

Elm. Yet people wou'd expound it otherwiſe:
But my diſcretion ſhall appear in this,
I'le not diſcloſe this buſineſs to my husband,
But take my vengeance in another manner.
Then hear my doom: Firſt, without leaſt regret,
You muſt diſclaim all right to *Mariana*;
And next renounce your ſelf that unjuſt pow'r,
Which does enrich your hope with others treaſure.
And——

SCEN.

SCEN. IV.

Damis, Elmira, Tartuffe.

[Damis *comes out of the Closet where he was retir'd.*

Dam. No, no, Madam, this story must be known;
I was in such a place where I heard all:
Methinks by providence I was brought thither;
To punish this proud Villain that has wrong'd me.
'T has open'd me a way to be reveng'd
Upon's hypocrisie and insolence;
To undeceive my father, and to shew him
That Villains soul that would corrupt his bed.

Elm. No *Damis*, 'tis sufficient he's grown wiser,
And will endeavour to deserve my favour,
Since *I* have promis'd him not to disclose it.
'Tis not my humour for to make dissentions;
Wise women do but laugh at such like lies;
Their husbands ears they will not trouble with 'em.

Dam. You have your reasons for your resolution,
And I have mine to use him otherwise.
To spare him were too nigh a raillery;
The insolent pride of his pretended Zele
Has triumph'd o're my passion now too much,
And made a strange confusion in our family.
He has too long a time govern'd my father,
And ruin'd my unfortunate *Valere*'s too:
'Tis fit my father know his treachery,
And Heaven has offer'd me just means to do it,
For this fair opportunity I stand
Greatly indebted to propitious Heaven;
And should deserve to have it taken from me,
If (having it in my hand) I did not use it.

Elm. Damis ——

Dam. No, Madam, no; *I* must enlarge my joy;
My soul is now at its high pitch of comfort,
And your discourse pretends t'oblige in vain
To quit the pleasure of my revenge ance.
And without further words I le presently ——
Here comes my father, which was all I wanted.

SCEN. V.

Orgon, Damis, Tartuffe, Elmire.

Sir, we are ready now to entertain you
With a freſh accident that will ſurprize you;
Whereby y'are well rewarded for your kindneſs:
This high-priz'd Saint here has acknowledg'd it;
His Zele for you he has juſt now declared;
But in my mind 'twas much to your diſhonour,
As *I* was there retired juſt now by chance,
I did ſurpriſe him making to my mother
A villainous addreſs of luſtful love;
But her meek ſpirit joyned with high diſcretion,
Wou'd by all means have kept this ſecret from you.
I never yet con'd flatter impudence,
And feared my ſilence now might prove offence.
Elm. Yes, *I* ſtill hold that with ſuch idle ſtories
I ought not to diſturb my husbands reſt;
Our honour don't depend on trifling queſtions;
It ſatisfies when we defend our ſelves.
Theſe are my thoughts, and you ſhould not have told it
If *Damis*, *I* cou'd have prevail'd with you. [Exit Elmire.

SCEN. VI.

Orgon, Damis, Tartuffe.

Org. O Heaven! can this be credible *I* hear?
Tart. Yes, brother, *I* am wicked, and a criminal;
An unhappy ſinner, full of impiety;
The lewdeſt Villain that was ever bred:
Each inſtant of my life is full of ſtains;
'Tis nothing but an heap of filth and ſin.
I ſee the Heavens by this objected crime
Wou'd mortifie me for my ſpiritual pride.
I will not vindicate my ſelf at all,
Nor ſay I'm free from what *I* am reprov'd for.
Believe what's told you, and thence arm'd with anger
Drive me a guilty wretch out of your doors.
I know I cannot ſuffer ſo much ſhame,
As *I* am ſenſible *I* have deſerv'd.

Org. O Villain, doſt thou by thy ſl nd'rous tongue
Attempt to blaſt his vertuous purity? [*To his Son.*
Dam. Does the feign'd meekneſs of this hypocrite
Trapan your ſoul with lies?
Org. Peace, curſed Rogue.
Tart. O let him ſp ak; you wrongfully accuſe him,
You will do better, Sir, if you believe him.
Why after ſuch a fact are you ſo favourable?
What am *I* good for when *I'm* thus ung teful?
Ah brother, you confide in my exteriour;
And though they know me wicked, think me good.
You let you ſelf be che ted by falſe ſhow;
I'm really the ſame they repreſent me:
The world believes me a very honeſt man,
But 'n ſincerity I'm good for nothing. [*Addreſſing himſelf to* Damis.
Speak, my good Child, ſay that *I* am perfidious,
A Reprobate, a Thief, a Murderer:
Heap on me names yet more deteſtable,
I will not contradict; *I* deſerve all.
This ignominy on my knees I'le ſuffer [*He kneels,* Orgon *preſently raiſes him.*
As a juſt ſhame due to my crimes of life.
Org. Brother, this is too much: does not thy heart
Tremble to ——
Dam. What, ſhall his words ſeduce you in this caſe?
Org. Silence you Rogue! ah, my dear brother riſe. [*To* Tartuffe.
Infamous Varlet! [*To* Damis.
Dam. He may ——
Org. Peace, Sirrah.
Dam. Oh, *I* am mad! what do *I* paſs ——
Org. Not a word more, Sirrah, I'le break your pate.
Tart. Brother, i'th' name of Heaven be not in choler:
I'd rather endure for him the greateſt pain,
Than he for me ſhou'd ſuffer the leaſt harm.
Org. Ingrate ——
Tart. Let him alone, Sir, upon my knees [*Kneels.*
I beg his pardon.
Org. Fie, Brother! riſe ——
You ſee his goodneſs, Sirrah.
Dam. Then ——
Org. Peace.
Dam. What ſhall *I* ——
Org. Peace, *I* ſay.
I know the motive makes you thus abuſe him;
You hate him all, and *I'm* convinc'd on't now.

Wife, Children, Servants, all combine against him,
You impudently put all plots in practice,
To rob me of this good mans converſation.
The more deſigns you have to put him from me,
The faſter I will ſtrive to keep him here.
And now I'le preſently give him my daughter,
For to confound the pride of all my family.

Dam. Do you think t'oblige her, Sir, to take him too?

Org. Yes, Villain; and to night, the more to vex you,
I brave you all, and I will make you know
You ought t'obey me, and that I'm Maſter.
Come, Sir, recant; and at this inſtant, Raſcal,
Throw your ſelf at his feet, and beg his pardon.

Dam. What? *I?* to ſuch a Slave, who by's impoſtures——

Org. Ha! do you refuſe, you Rogue, and call him names?
Lend me a ſtick --- pray do not hinder me. [*Tartuffe holds him.*
Go, Sirrah, get you gone out of my houſe,
And never come agen within theſe doors.

Dam. I will be gone Sir.

Org. Quickly, be gone;
Take notice, Sirrah I diſinherit you.
And curſe the time of thy Nativity. [*Exit Damis.*

SCENE VII.

Orgon, Tartuffe.

T'offend in ſuch a ſort ſo holy a man.

Tart. O Heaven! pardon him the wrong he did me
If you cou'd know with what diſpleaſure, Brother,
I live to find they ſtrive to render me
Odious to you ——

Org. Alas, be comforted.

Tart. The thought alone of this ingratitude
Does wreck my ſoul with a ſtrange puniſhment——
The horrour I conceive—— ah my heart breaks ——
I cannot utter't, I believe 'twill kill me. [*Orgon runs weeping to the door where Damis went out.*

Org. O Rogue! now I repent I ſhew'd thee mercy,
And that I did not kill thee on the place!
Compoſe your ſelf, dear Brother; do not grieve.

Tart. Let us remove the cauſe of all this ſtrife:
I plainly ſee the troubles that I bring you,
And find it, Brother, requiſite to leave you.

Org. How do you mean?

Tart. They hate me, and I know
They ſtrive to make my faith ſuſpicious to you.
Org. No matter brother, you ſee how well *I* heed 'em,
Tart. They will not ceaſe to proſecute their ends.
And with the ſame reports you now reject;
Perhaps another time you'll liſten to 'em.
Org. No brother, never.
Tart. Ah but a wife dear Brother,
May eaſily ſurprize a husband's mind.
Org. No, no.
Tart. Oh let me brother quickly by removal
Take from 'em all occaſion of deſign.
Org. No, you ſhall live Sir here while I have life.
Tart. Well then: for this I'le mortifie my ſelf;
But if you will.——
Org. Ah, no! let's talk no more.——
Tart. But I ſhall know to rule my ſelf hereafter;
Honour is tender, and friendſhip does engage me
To ſtop reports of the leaſt circumſtance,
Wherefore I'le ſhun your wife, and you ſhall ſee me.——
Org. No, in deſpite of them you ſhall frequent her,
My greateſt pleaſure is to vex the world,
And *I* wou'd have you ſeem with her at all times.
This is not all, for now the more to brave 'em,
My eſtate ſhall have no other Heir but you;
And *I* will go to Counſel and Advice,
By what Conveyance I may ſettle it.
As *I* think fit to chuſe you for my Son-in-law:
I prize you 'bove my Son, or Wife, or Kindred.
I hope you will accept what I propoſe?
Tart. The will of Heav'n be done in ev'ry thing.
Org. Alas! poor man! I'le go and get the ſettlement,
That I may make them burſt their hearts with envy. [*Exit* Orgon.

SCEN. VII.

Tartuffe, Laurence

Tart. The ſtorm is paſt, what now will more remain,
But that I keep my viſor on, untill
Th' intended ſettlement is made: I'le ha't by Fine,
And ſtrengthen't by Recovery; then the beſt
Among them all that dares reſiſt my will,
I'le make him bow or break under the weight.

What.

What I have aim'd at long, now in effect
Is brought to paſs; we'll ſlave it now no more,
We'll Lord it *Laurence*.

Laur. Truly Sir, Providence is very kind
To give ſuch fair occaſions to your hands,
And not to uſe 'em were to ſlight them, Sir.

Tart. You ſay the truth, but yet the plot's not ripe.
I ſtill muſt be ſubſervient. *Mariana*
Muſt in pretence be chief, although *Elmira*
Be really the mark I aim at, and for that
If ſhe be ſtubborn, threats againſt her husband
[Which muſt bring ruines to her ſelf] ſhall make her ſtoop;
But if with all *I* nothing can prevail.
And ſhe [as once before her ſon] complain,
I'le turn 'em out of doors, ranſack the houſe,
And either have my will or ruine all.

Laur. Yes verily Sir, this is a brave reſolve;
I've often heard you ſay that the whole Earth
Was by the Saints to be poſſeſt entire;
And if you take the courſe you here project,
You will become Proprietor of part.
Surely, dear Sir, for theſe ſo full blown hopes
You are oblig'd to Heaven.

Tart. Piſh, tell not me of Heav'n or thankfulneſs,
Thoſe are but words of courſe in company;
'Tis time to arm ſince they begin to doubt,
If *I* get in, let who can get me out. [*Exeunt.*

SCEN. IX.

Flypote, Pernelle.

Fly. Madam, 'tis real truth what I have told you.

Per. O wicked Age! what diſmal plots are theſe!
Religious men are ſcoff'd at and abuſ'd;
But prais'd be Heav'n my ſon had ſo much grace,
To cheriſh *Tartuffe*'s poor afflicted ſoul.
How did this humble Saint behave himſelf?

Fly. With his ſubmiſſive eyes fix'd on the earth,
Took on him all the filthy crimes objected;
Fell on his knees, and ſaid he did deſerve
The worſt of puniſhments could be imagin'd.

Per. Alas poor man! I gueſs his pious drift:
'Twas done to mortifie his holy pride,

And

And to expreſs the ſuffrance of the ſpirit;
Ah! when ſhall we attain to ſuch perfection!
Fly. For theſe foul ſlanders *Damis* is expell'd
His fathers houſe; and diſinherited;
And *Orgon* marries *Tartuffe* to his daughter,
On whom he ſettles all his whole eſtate.
Per. This is a juſt reward for piety!
Oh *Flipote*, now my heart does leap with joy;
For I perceive the bleſſings of this life
Begin to be entail'd upon our family.
Never was Mother happier in a ſon!
I have a great deſire to ſee poor *Tartuffe*,
But would avoid the ſight of any elſe;
Go, and enquire if he be at leiſure.
Fly. Yes Madam, I'le go knock at's Chamber-door. [*Exit.*
Per. Alas poor man! how I do pity thee
That art conſtrain'd to live among ſuch people!
Who are not worthy of thy converſation:
But that the Providence above preſerves thee,
They would not matter't much to poiſon thee:
I partly know the malice of their hearts.

FLYPOTE,

Fly. Madam, he's juſt gone forth, and *Laurence* tells me
The family are all in tears for *Damis*;
He wiſhes you'd go and comfort 'em.
Per. No, no; I m glad I came the back-way hither:
Let us avoid theſe wicked Libertines:
Were't no for *Tartuffe* I ſhou'd hate the houſe;
Come let us home agen: if things hit right,
The Brethren ſhall rejoyce in Hymns this night.

ACT. IV. SCEN. I.

Cleanthes, Tartuffe.

Cleant. ALl people talk on't, and you may believe me,
That their reſentments tend not to your credit:
And I have light upon you opportunely,
To tell you in few words my judgement of it.

I won't examine the bottom of the quarrel,
I'le pass that over, and begin but here:
Suppose that *Damis* misbehav'd himself,
And that he has most wrongfully accus'd you.
'Tis Christian-like to pardon his offence,
And blot out of your heart all thoughts of vengeance.
Ought you to suffer for a trivial quarrel,
A son be banish'd from his father's house?
I'le tell you further, and with freedome too,
That you have scandaliz'd both young and old;
And if you'll take my Councel pacifie 'em;
And make no further progress in this business;
'Twere better sacrifice your wrath to Heav'n,
And reconcile the Father to his son.

Tart. Alas! Sir, I'de consent with all my heart;
There hangs no bitterness upon my spirit:
I pardon all and blame him Sir in nothing;
I'm ready, Sir, to serve him with my soul:
But Heav'ns interest, Sir, will not consent,
And if he enters here, *I* must turn out.
After his fact which never yet was equall'd,
Commerce between us two wou'd bring a scandal;
Heaven knows what presently the world wou'd think:
They wou'd impute it to my policy,
And every body strait conclude me guilty,
Imagining out of remorse of Conscience,
That I had feign'd this charitable zeal for him:
And that my timorous heart now strove to gain him,
That underhand I might engage his silence.

Clean. Your reasons, Sir, are drawn a great way off,
And your excuses too are falsely colour'd,
Where you pretend the *Int'rest* of Heav'n.
Why do you charge your self with such a care?
Is it our work to punish Criminals?
Fye, suffer Heav'n to revenge it self.
Say what you will, 'tis Int'rest of this world
Impedes the glory of so brave an action
Beyond pretence: let's be what Heav'n ordains,
And let no other care afflict our spirits.

Tart. *I* have already told you that *I* pardon'd him,
And in that action done what Heav'n ordain'd;
But since th' affront and scandal giv'n me to day,
Heav'n has not order'd I should live with him.

Clean. Did Heav'n order you to lend an ear

To what one mere Caprice counſell'd his father?
Think you in quiet ever to enjoy
That right belongs by nature to another?
Tart. I ſpoke not for it, nor did ever ſeek it;
Who throughly knows me ne'r will have a thought
That this effect ſprings from my avarice.
I don't reſpect the treaſure of this world,
Nor am I dazel'd with its glittering follies.
'Tis true, *I* from his father have accepted
That ſettlement he proffered me to make;
Why was it, pray? onely becauſe I fear'd
That the eſtate might fall in wicked hands,
Who wou'd imploy it vainly, or at beſt
Make a bad imploy of't——
But I, good Sir, have totally deſign'd it
For Heavens glory and my Neighbours edification.
Clean. 'Twere fit you threw aſide theſe curious fears
Of things which may but happen; he is the heir:
Permit him then, as by his birth is due,
That he enjoy his own at his own peril;
'Twill not concern you if he miſuſe it;
Or if it did, were it not better he
Shou'd bear that blame, then you be thought a Cheat?
I ſtrangely wonder that without confuſion
You cou'd endure ſo foul a propoſition.
Pray, is there ſuch a Maxim in Religion,
That teaches you to wrong a lawful heir?
If you and *Damis* cannot dwell together,
Were it not better (like a diſcreet perſon)
You took a civil Farewell of the family,
Then thus to ſuffer (Sir) againſt all reaſon
The ſon be driven from his fathers houſe?
Believe me now, your wiſdom's call'd in queſtion——
For I——
Tart. 'Tis half an hour (Sir) paſt three,
And certain pious duties call me up:
Excuſe me that I leave you (Sir) ſo ſoon. [*Exit* Tartuffe.
Clean. Then is this all you'll ſay? intruding Slave——

SCEN.

SCEN. II.

Cleanthes, Dorina.

Dor. By your favour, Sir, how have you ſped with him?
This act of yours was quite againſt my mind.
You ſee in what a poſture affairs ſtand:
And *Mariana*'s ſoul 's e'en dead with grief;
The contract by her father newly made
At every moment makes her deſperate.
But now *I* have no leiſure to diſcourſe it,
Becauſe *I* look to meet with *Tartuffe*'s Man;
Whoſe heart I'le ſearch: i'th' interim, if you pleaſe,
To find out *Mariana* and *Elmira*,
We will contrive ſomething that's fit to do
Or ſay to *Orgon*, when we meet him next.
Cleanth. *Dorina*, thou haſt jumpt with my deſign;
I have prepar'd inſtructions for my Siſter.
Go, here comes *Laurence*——
Mind what you are about. [*Exit Cleanthes.*

Enter Laurence.

O *Laurence*! welcom; *I* doubt not but you have
Heard the news, and certainly in regard
Of my concerns with you it highly pleaſes me.
Laur. What news is this?
Dor. Why, that *Damis* is diſinherited, my young Miſtreſs
Contracted to your Maſter by her father:
And as a confirmation of that marriage,
He has enfeoffed his intended Son-in-law
In all his lands; and to make the ſame ſure
He has levied a Fine, and ſuffer'd a Recovery;
And by another Deed, upon the ſame conſideration,
Has transferr'd upon him his houſe and goods——
Laur. No more —— then he's undone; for now let
Him be aſſur'd, if after this ought be deny'd
To his unbounded will, he'll uſe but the
Greateſt extremity towards this fond man that
Has thus fool'd himſelf, and his whole family.
He no more intends to marry your Miſtreſs then
I do; he intends, if he can [and be ſure he'll
Lay hold on all opportunities] to debauch *Elmira*:

And

And if ſhe will not yield to his deſires, or make it
Known he tempted her agen, whereby *Orgon*
Shou'd come to be inform'd; then nothing
Serves his turn but Utter ruine.
Dor. O Heaven defend us! now *I* am clearly loſt:
I know not what to do or what to adviſe,
Dear *Laurence*, counſell me.
Laur. *Dorina*, You ſee *I* truſt you with my ſecrets;
Be thou but true to me, and I'le direct
A way ſhall yet, I hope, produce our happineſs.
Dor. What is't, dear *Laurence*, and *I* will proteſt
To give thee all in modeſty thou canſt ask,
My love, my heart, whetever *I* can get
I'le make thee maſter of, together with my ſelf.
Laur. You muſt procure a meeting 'twixt *Elmira*
And my Maſter, to which by ſome means you
Muſt make *Orgon* privy, that his own ears may
Witneſs to him what from the mouth of truth
He'd not believe. This muſt be done, though
For a time it breed a ſtrange confuſion, then let *Cleanthes*,
Damis, and *Valere* inform the King and Council
Before hand of *Orgons* former ſervices; lay before
Them his fidelity, and pray their aid in the behalf of
Damis: for they muſt not mention any thing further;
Onely be ſure they ſtrengthen themſelves with friends,
That being prepoſſeſt may at all times be ready, as——
Dor. O my dear *Laurence*! if by this thy means
(As this advice is rational) we thrive,
Know thy reward ſhall ſatisfie thy merit.
Laur. Fear not: remember what *I* have ſaid: *I* doubt
I've ſtaid too long; *I* wou'd not have my Maſter
Miſs me: therefore, my dear *Dorina*, fare you well.
I'le ſee you ſuddenly agen. Adieu. [*Exit.*
Dor. O Heavens, what a toil is *Orgon* in!
This is no time for idleneſs: I'le go
And find the perſons out *I* long to ſpeak with:
They come.

SCEN. III.

Elmira, Mariana, Cleanthes, Dorina.

O Madam, here's news indeed: you muſt lay your hand
To help us out of the mire. You muſt uſe

Some means to make your husband see this Cheat
In's colours: I'le take a care to help the rest.
But here comes *Orgon*; imagine, Madam, what you had best
To do.

Enter Orgon *to them with a Deed, the Contract, and Transcript of the Fine and Recovery, and* Laurence *following him.*

Org. O, I rejoyce to see you all together:
I've that here in my hand will make you laugh;
You know already the contents of 'em:
Laurence, secure these papers to thy Master. [*Aside.*
Mar. Dear Sir, in Heavens name that knows my grief, [*Kneels.*
By every thing may move you to compassion,
Use not that pow'r you from my birth may claim,
Dispense with my obedience and my vows.
Do not reduce me by this cruel act,
To wish to Heaven you'd never been my father.
This wretched life, alas! which you have given me,
Strive not to make it thus unfortunate.
If against that sweet hope I form'd my self,
You do forbid me him I've dar'd to love.
At least upon my knees I do implore you,
Spare me that torment to be his I 'bhorre,
And do not make me (Sir) grow desperate.
Dor. This happens well to bring on the design. [*Aside.*
Org. Forbear, fond heart, and do not shew thy frailty. [*To himself.*
Dor. I think it penetrates; alas, poor man!
Mar. Your tenderness to him's no pain to me:
Make it more signal; let him have your wealth:
If that suffice not, adde what e'r is mine;
For ever I consent, and will forsake it:
But do not give so far, Sir, as my person,
Suffer th' austerities of a Nunnery,
To pass away those hours which Heaven has lent me.
Org. Yes, you are very fit to be religious,
Now when you feel your amorous flames depress'd.
Stand up; the more your heart denies to have him,
'Twill offer you th'occasion of more merit.
Come, mortifie your senses by thi marriage,
And do not vex me any more about it.
Dor. What, Sir——
Org. Be silent, Huffie; speak when you are spoak to.

Clean.

Clean. If by advice you'll ſuffer me to anſwer——.
Org. Brother, your Councels are the beſt i'th' world,
They're full of reaſon, and I prize them much.
But you muſt pardon me, if *I* refuſe 'em.
Elm. Seeing what *I* have ſeen, I can ſay nothing,
But ſilent ſtand in admiration at you.
Your love has blinded you to that degree,
T'affirm us liars in what you'll find too true.
Org. Your ſervant, Madam, *I* perceive your drift,
And know your correſpondence with my ſon;
You are afraid he ſhould diſown that plot,
Which you deſign'd againſt that vertuous man.
You were too patient to perſwade belief;
Had it been true, you wou'd have chang'd your humour,
And ſhew'd your ſelf mov'd in another manner.
Dor. O rare! he brings it on himſelf! [*aſide.*
Elm. Againſt the Proſpect of an amorous Motion,
Muſt we draw all the force our Honours have?
May we not anſwer thoſe who do attempt us,
But with injurious mouths, eyes full of fire?
For my part I but laugh at ſuch Propoſals,
And do not care to make a noiſe about 'em.
I love in mildneſs we ſhould ſhew our wiſdom;
Nor did *I* e're eſteem a ſavage prudence
In them whoſe Honours, arm'd with teeth and nails,
For every little word ſcratch people's Faces.
From all ſuch rudeneſs Heav'n preſerve me,
I do not love ſuch divel-natur'd vertue.
The diſcreet coolneſs of a chaſte denial,
Is far more pow'rful to rebuke a Villain.
Org. In ſhort, I'm ſatisfi'd; I know the truth.
Elm Agen, *I*'m aſtoniſht at your weakneſs.
What will your incredulity anſwer me,
If you ſhould ſee what we have ſaid is true.
Dor. O incomparably done! [*aſide.*
Org. See? what I wonder? ſee?
Elm. Yes, ſo I ſay, ſee:
Org. You're very pleaſant.
Elm. How if *I* finde a way
To make you ſee all this i'th open light?
Org. Caſtles in th' Air!
Elm. Strange man! give me your anſwer;
I don't perſwade you to believe it neither;
But ſuppoſe now I ſhould finde out a place
To let you clearly ſee, and hear each paſſage,

What

What wou'd you ſay then to your vertuous man;
Org. I'de ſay in ſuch a caſe —— I wou'd ſay nothing.
For it can't be.
Elm. The errour holds too long;
It does condemn my tongue too of impoſture.
Let me for paſtime without ſtirring further
To all that I have told you make you witneſs.
Org. Be't ſo; I'le take your word, and ſee your cunning
Which way you're able to fulfill your promiſe.
Elm. Go, fetch him hither.
Dor. Madam, he's very ſubtil,
And I believe it difficult to ſurpriſe him.
Elm. No, no, we're eaſily caught by what we love.
Bid him come down, and (pray) do you retire.

SCEN. IV.

Elmira, Orgon.

Elm. Draw near the Table, and creep you under it,
Org. How?
Elm. Be ſure you be not ſeen.
Org. Why under the Table?
Elm. Nay, nay, ask no queſtions,
My deſign's here, and you ſhall judge on't preſently.
Go, get you under't, and when you're there
Take heed that you be neither heard nor ſeen.
Org. My condeſcenſion muſt be great in this:
I long to ſee the project at an end.
Elm. You will be puzzled ſtrait to play your part; [*To him under the Table.*
I'm going now about a tickliſh buſineſs,
At which you may be ſcandaliz'd, but I
Will give no cauſe, although I take the freedom,
By your permiſſion, to ſay all I'm able,
That ſo I may convince you, as I've promis'd.
I am conſtrain'd againſt the rules of honour,
To wear a maſk to catch the hypocrite:
And if I ſeem to flatter his deſires,
Or yield a freedom to his raſh attempts,
'Tis for your ſake, the better to confound him.
My ſoul deſigns all this——
I ſhall retire as ſoon as you appear,
And things ſhall go no further then you'd have 'em:
'Tis you muſt ſtop his courſe, and cool the heat

Of

Of his inflamed Zele, when you perceive
Your Honour is concern'd; and then, I hope,
Your eyes will diſabuſe that credulous humour,
That made you ſlight both intereſt and friends.
You ſhall be Maſter here—— No more, he comes;
Take heed he don't diſcover you.

SCEN. V.

Tartuffe, Elmira, Orgon.

Tart. They told me, Madam, you would ſpeak with me.
Elm. Yes, I have a ſecret to reveal to you;
But ſhut the door, and ſearch about the chamber;
I am unwilling we ſhould be ſurpriz'd. [*He goes back and bolts the door.*
An accident like that laſt happen'd to us,
Wou'd now be more unwelcome then before.
Damis did fright me ſtrangely for your ſake;
But you perceiv'd, I hope, there was no want
Of will in me to change the Scene, and turn
His rage 'gainſt you into a quiet calm.
I muſt confeſs, I was ſo much amazed,
That I had no invention to diſguiſe it.
But, Heaven be praiſed! it prov'd all for the beſt,
And things are now in more ſecurity:
Your eſtimation has allay'd the ſtorm,
And *Orgon* (to out-brave the peoples vogue)
Allows us freer converſe at all times.
Hence it proceeds, that without fear of blame
I ſee my ſelf lock'd up with you alone.
This has emboldened me to open an heart,
Unable longer to reſiſt your love.
Tart. 'Tis difficult to comprehend this language;
You lately, Madam, talk'd another ſtyle.
Elm. If that denial, Sir, did anger you,
You have ſmall knowledge of a womans heart.
Our Modeſties pretend to give you battel:
Even in that inſtant we intend ſurrender,
With the ſame reaſons we diſown our loves.
We do proclaim 'em, and that very moment
Our tongues in honour do oppoſe our wiſhes:
The weakneſs of refuſal is a promiſe.
In thee my freedom without doubt I've made,
But very little uſe of modeſty——

And ſince the word is out e'ne let it go.
D'ye think I wou'd have ſtay'd with ſo much mildneſs,
To liſten to the proffer of your love,
Or wou'd have taken things with ſuch a calm,
If th' offer of your heart had not been pleaſing?
Tart. 'Tis Madam, without doubt, a mighty happineſs
To hear ſuch language from a Mouth of love;
The honey of your words drop on my ſenſes,
Such a ſuavity was never taſted.
My chiefeſt ſtudy ſtill has been to pleaſe you;
And all my wiſhes ſeem to be accompliſh'd;
But yet my heart demands the liberty,
To doubt a little its beatitude,
If I may liberally expound my ſelf;
Such ſoft Propoſals I can ſcarce miſtruſt:
Might I but taſte thoſe favours that *I* ſigh for
It wou'd aſſure me much of all you ſay;
And in my boſom plant a conſtant faith,
Of all thoſe charming bounties you have for me. [*Draws near to* Elmira.
Elm. What in ſuch haſte; Nay Mr *Tartuffe*, Fye; [*She coughs to advertiſe her husband.*
Theſe greateſt favours are not gain'd at once:
I almoſt dy'd t' unfold my thoughts to you,
And yet you ſeem not to be ſatisfi'd:
You have not ſhew'd ſuch courage as wou'd merit
Thoſe higheſt favours to be granted by us.
Tart. The leſs I merit, the leſs *I* dare to hope for;
And this diſcourſe does not confirm my wiſh:
We are ſuſpicious of a haſty fortune:
Yet wou'd enjoy before we can believe it.
I have ſo little merited this bounty,
That *I* ſuſpect the happy conſequence;
This Madam makes me ſlow in my belief,
Till you convince me by reality.
Elm. Your love does act like a fierce Tyrant, Sir;
Taking a furious ſoveraignty o're hearts,
And preſſes to its end with too much violence.
What will you not allow me time to breathe?
D'ye think this rigour does become you, Sir?
To preſs ſo hard upon my feeble weakneſs?
Tart. But ſince you have reſpect for my addreſſes,
Why d'ye refuſe to give me pledges of it?
Elm. Pray how can I conſent to what you'd have,
Without offending Heaven?
Tart. If that be all

A little thing removes that obſtacle.
Elm. But I do dread what is by Heaven forbid.
Tart. Such fears are vain, I can remove theſe ſcruples.
'Tis true, Heaven does forbid us certain pleaſures,
But there remains a means for compoſition:
We may abate the evil of our actions,
By the ſincerity of our intentions.
I can inſtruct you in theſe ſecrets, Madam;
Diſpoſe your ſelf to me for your ſafe conduct:
Content but my deſire, and fear nothing;
I'le anſwer all, and take the ſin on me. [*She coughs again.*
You cough extremely, Madam.
Elm. Yes, I have caught cold. [*Aſide; Tranſcendent Villain! this lan-*
Tart. Pleaſe you to take ſome juice of Liquoriſh. *guage proves thee ſo.*
Elm. This rheum is obſtinate without, I ſee;
That all the juice i'th' world will do no good! [*She continues.*
Tart. 'Tis very troubleſom.
Elm. Yes, beyond expreſſion.
Tart. In ſhort, your ſcruple's eaſily deſtroyed;
I will aſſure you this great ſecret,
The ſin is when we make it publick, Madam;
Th'offence is is lodg'd i'th' ſcandal of the world:
We do not ſin when we do act in ſecret. [*After ſhe has done coughing.*
Elm. Well, Sir; I ſee, I muſt reſolve to yield,
And find my ſelf conſenting to your will. [*Speaks ſubtilly, addreſſing*
I ought not to pretend to leſs then this, *her ſelf to both.*
That I'm content, and willing now to render;
But yet it grieves me too to come thus far;
And 'tis againſt my will I am thus free:
Yet ſince the obſtinate wo'nt now deliver me,
And wo'not yet believe what I have ſaid,
But does deſire more pregnant teſtimonies,
I muſt reſolve immediate ſatisfaction.
If this conſent of mine be an offence,
The worſt is theirs who force this violence.
Tart. Yes, Madam, I'le diſcharge your care in this.
Elm. Open the door a little, I intreat you;
See if my husband be'nt i'th' Gallery.
Tart. What need you, Madam, take ſuch care of him?
He is a man that we can lead by th'noſe.
He glories, Madam, in our entertainments,
And wo'nt believe it though he ſee it done.
Elm. I wo'not truſt to that, go out, I pray, [*Tartuffe goes out a*
And look about exactly every where. *while, and comes in again.*

SCEN. VI.

Orgon, Elmire.

[Orgon *under the Table.*

Org. What an abominable Villain's this!
I'm almost ready to sink down to hear it. [Orgon *comes out.*
Elm. What do you mock me, you come out so quickly?
Go under agen, it is not yet full time;
Stay to the end that you see all things sure, [*Speaks in derision.*
And do not trust to simple poor conjectures.
Org. Nothing so wicked ever sprung from Hell.
Elm. You shou'd not be so light in your belief;
Be sure you are convinc'd before you appear:
Don't haste too much lest you mistake your self. [Tartuffe *comes in, and she puts her husband behind her.*

SCEN. VII.

Tartuffe, Elmire, Orgon.

Tart. All things conspire to make our pleasures full:
I have look'd every where in your Appartement,
And find no person; Oh! my soul is ravish'd——
Org. Hold, Sir;
You prosecute your love too fast. [Orgon *steps to him.*
Your amorous passion is too violent.
Ah, honest man! have you not prov'd it now?
How does your soul resist all foul temptations?
Marry my daughter, and debauch my wife?
I doubted a long time this was not so;
And did believe that they were base aspersions:
But now these testimonies are so palpable,
That I have done, and will desire no more. [*To* Tartuffe.
Elm. Against my humour I have done all this;
But I was forced to't to retrive my honour.
Tart. What do you think——
Org. Be gone, no noise, I pray——
No ceremony, but avoid your nest.
Tart. My design ——
Org. Sir, 'tis no time to talk:
You must march off, quickly depart my house.
Tart. Nay then farewell dissembling; I'le not stir.
'Tis you must march, you Sir, you that Lord it so:

I'le make you know the house belongs to me;
And quickly shew you 'tis a vain attempt
By such weak stratagems to evade my right;
You are not where you think by this base injury;
I will confound and punish your imposture,
Revenge the Heavens you've wronged, and make you all
Repent the motion of my going hence. [*Exit.*

Elm. What means this language? what is't he would say? [*Laughs.*

Org. I am confus'd, this is no time for raillery.

Elm. How?

Org. I see my fault by what he now has uttered. [*Exeunt.*

SCEN. VIII.

Tartuffe, Laurence.

Tart. Laurence, look you to the chamber, and be sure
You're careful of the cabinet stands there.
Orgon himself delivered it to me,
And I will give 't the King to ruine him;
If any offer to intrude, be quick,
And pocket up the writings with the seals;
While I immediately find out the Sheriff. [*Exit Tartuffe.*

Laur. Yes, I'le look to them sure, and keep them safe
From you for ever, Sir. O horrid traitor!
Admitted into *Orgons* house on courtesie,
And now would rudely turn him out of doors!

Enter Dorina.

Dor. O *Laurence*, *Laurence*, we're all undone!
Orgon, I think, 's distracted: I believe
You can unfold the riddle: you promised me——

Laur. No more then; I'le perform, stay but here,
I'le return presently. [Laurence *goes out, and shortly returns with a cabinet and writing in his hand.*

Dor. This man, I see, will merit my esteem.
He told me the experiment that must
Unblind fond *Orgon* would breed confusion;
But he would find a means to settle all.
And here he comes already i'th' name of goodness:
What has he there? what loaded, *Laurence*?

Laur. You see what love will do, *Dorina*; this
And this I here deliver to your hands. [*Gives the deed and cabinet.*

It is of value, *I* assure you Girle.
Keep these till *I* give further notice to you
Of what is to be done: these will do more
Then what *I* promised.
And if you weet with gratitude, then say,
Laurence has clearly won me by fair play. [*Exeunt.*

ACT. V. SCEN. I.

Dorina, Cleanthes. [*At several doors.*

Dor. WEll met, *Cleanthes*; what have you done at Court?
The storm is rais'd; have you done
What *I* advis'd you? whe e's *Damis* and *Valere*?
I'de have you bring home *Damis* instantly;
His presence now will be convenient.
Clean. Why, faith *Dorina*, *I* perceived 'twas time;
There's need enough of all the help of friends:
And sure, *I* think, we have don't. We have obtained
A Warrant Dormant to bring *Tartuffe* in,
To shew the Council cause why he pretends
T'intrude on *Damis* heritage: and more,
The King and Council will by Order have
The father reconciled to his son;
But this is all so private, no one knows
Ought of it, onely those peculiar Lords
That did engage, and opened *Orgons* merit.
Dor. Well then, *Cleanthes*, we shall see some sport;
And when it comes to th' issue 'twill appear,
I have been active in another sphere. [*Exit.*

SCEN. II.

Orgon in haste to Cleanthes.

Clean. Whither d'ye run?
Org. Alas *I* know not, Brother.
Clean. Methinks we rather should consult together,
What we had best to do in this extremity.
Org. Oh! had *I* but the Cabinet out of's hands,

I wou'd not fear his malice: but alas!
I dr i ves me almoſt to deſpair the thought of't.
Clean. Pray what important myſtery was in it?
Org. I was a pawn my dear friend *Argas* left me
Of his great love: no witneſs being by;
And at his flight 'mongſt all his friends choſe me
To be the faithful Guardian of his fortune;
But now he has juſt reaſon to upbraid me:
They're papers that contain his life and treaſure.
Clean. Why did you truſt them then in other hands?
Org. 'Twas by a motive from a Caſe of Conſcience.
I in this Traitor put my confidence,
Whoſe Arguments did ſoon prevail upon me,
To give the Cabinet into his Cuſtody.
That if a ſtrict Enquiry ſhould be made
After the fugitive. I might be ready,
Without the prejudicing of my ſoul,
To take my Oath againſt a real truth.
Clean. In all appearance you're in a bad condition,
What with your feoffment, fine, and other deed.
If I may freely give my judgment of it,
You've taken a certain way to finde out Ruine.
Oh Sir! this man has ſtrange advantages,
Being poſſeſt of ſuch ſtrong pledges from you,
It were imprudence to provoke him, Sir;
You ought to ſearch out now ſome milder way.
Org. What! under the ſhadow of a fervent zeal,
Shrowd ſuch a double heart and haughty mind!
I took him up a beggar, having nothing——
'Tis done; now *I* renounce all honeſt men;
Henceforward I ſhall hate the ſight of them,
And be more envious to them then the devil.
Clean. Fie brother! this is juſt your cholerick humour;
Do not forſake the pleaſant rode of temperance,
But let fair moderation be your conduct:
From one exceſs you'll fall into another;
You ſee your errour, and you have acknowledg'd it,
How through a feign'd pure zeal you have been cheated,
What reaſon is there to correct this fault,
That you ſhou'd run into a greater Treſpaſs:
What cauſe this Raſcal's confidence has trapan'd you,
With an auſtere pretence of pure devotion;
Do you believe that every one's like him,
And that one true religious can't be found?

Leave this bad conſequence to Libertines,
But do not hazard your eſteem too much,
But ſtill preſerve it in the golden mean.
Org. I am raging mad to finde my ſelf thus cheated.

SCEN. III.

Enter Pernelle, Mariana, Elmira, Dorina, *to them.*

Pern. What's here to do, I'm told moſt terrible myſteries.
Org. They'r Novelties, mine eyes have witneſs't Mother.
You ſee how all my love is recompenc'd.
With zeal I pluck'd this man from miſery,
Lodg'd him and entertain'd him like a brother,
I heap'd my favours on him every day,
Setled my Lands upon him with intent
To marry him to my Daughter, aſſign'd to him
My houſe, my goods, my Jewels with all in't,
Yet the ſame time this baſe perfidious ſlave
Made it his buſineſs to debauch my wife;
And not contented with this horrid act,
Dares now to menace me with my own benefits,
And take advantage by 'em to my ruine.
Arm'd with my fooliſh bounty comes againſt me,
To drive me from my eſtate transfer'd to him,
And ſo reduce me to his native beggery.
Dor. Alas poor man!
Pern. I can't believe this ſon,
That he would e re conceive ſo black an action.
Org. How? not believ't?
Pern. Honeſt people ſtill are envi'd ſon.
Org. What wou'd you ſay if you cou'd ſpeak good Mother?
Pern. I ſay your family is ſtrangely govern'd;
And 'tis well known the malice they all bear him.
Org. What ſignifies all this to that I've told you?
Pern. I've told you a hundred times when you were little,
That vertue always ſuffers perſecution;
The envious muſt die, but envy never.
Org. What's this diſcourſe to that is done to day?
Pern. They've forg'd a hundred fooliſh tales againſt him.
Org. I told you I had ſeen all this my ſelf.
Pern. The malice is extreme of lying people.
Org. O! you confound me!! tell you once agen
My eyes have ſeen this impudent bold crime.

Pern.

Pern. Their tongues are always full of horrid venom,
Theres no defence againſt it here on earth.
Org. You talk as if you were bereft of ſenſe,
I have ſeen't I tell you, ſeen't; my own eyes ſee it.
What they call ſeeing: I'le not bate you an ace,
I'le bawle't a hundred times into your ears.
Pern. O Heav'n! how often is the ſight deceiv'd!
You ſhou'd not always judge of what you ſee.
Org. You make me mad, ſtark mad! O curſed folly!
Pern. Nature is much inclin'd to falſe ſuſpicions,
And often does interpret good for evil.
Org. I ought to think it charitable care
For him to kiſs my wife!
Pern. 'Tis neceſſary,
That you take heed how you accuſe good people:
You ſhou'd have ſtay'd till you had ſeen things ſure.
Org. Ah Curſe! the means how to be more aſſur'd?
Wou'd you have had me ſtay'd t'have ſeen my wife.——
——You'll force me to extravigant diſcourſe.
Pern. In fine, too pure a zeal had chaam'd his ſoul:
I cannot make it enter my belief,
☞ He ſhou'd attempt to do theſe things you talk of.
Dorin. Alas! poor man!
Org. Go, were you not my Mother, I can't tell
What I ſhould ſay t'ye. I'm ſo much confus'd.
Dor. 'Tis a juſt vengeance, for you heretofore
Had no belief; and now none believe you.
Clean. We trifle out that time in vain diſcourſe,
Shou'd be employ'd for to prevent this cheat.
Elm. I cannot apprehend he dares attempt it;
His baſe ingratitude is too manifeſt.
Clean. Yes truſt him ſtill; think you he han't confederates,
That will adde all their cunning to his force;
And more then that the weight of a Cabal
Will bring us into ſome confuſed Labyrinth.
Org. 'Tis true, what's my beſt courſe? this Villain's pride
Makes me I cannot maſter my reſentments.
Clean. Come, chear up, brother; my ſelf, your ſon *Valere*,
With all our friends will meet this monſtrous Villain,
And ſee what we can do t'avoid this Precipice.
Elm. If I had known he had bin ſo ſtrongly arm'd,
I never wou'd have caus'd half theſe alarmes.
And for—— [Loyal *peeps in.*
Org. What wou'd that man? quickly go know his buſineſs;
I'm very ill diſpos'd for converſation.

SCEN.

SCEN. IV. *To them Loyal.*

Loy. Pray will you inform the Gentleman of the house,
I have some business with him.
Dor. He is with Company.
And for the present Sir, will speak with no body.
Loy. I will not be importunote at this time,
Though sure my coming, as I think, will please him.
And 'tis about a business he'll be glad of.
Dor. Your Name?
Loy. Pray tell him only that I come
From Mr. *Tartuffe*, and desire a word with him.
Dor. Sir, here's a modest Gentleman that comes
In the behalf of Mr. *Tartuffe* to you.
He says about a business you'll be glad of.
Clean. You had best discourse with him, and know his business.
Perhaps he comes to make a Composition.
Org. With what resentments shall *I* entertain him?
Clean. I wou'd not have you, Sir, be passionate.
Loy. Save you Sir, may Heav'n prosper you,
And scatter all those enemies wou'd hurt you.
Org. Methinks this Complement does seem to tell me,
His business is for an accommodation.
Loy. Your family was always dear to me;
I had the honour, Sir, to serve your father.
Org. Sir, I am asham'd, I humbly beg your pardon;
I have forgot you, let me crave your Name.
Loy. My name is *Loyal*, a North-Countrey man;
And now, Sir, with your leave, know I am come
To give you this declaration, 'tis in an Action
Of ejectment, Sir, at Mr. *Tartuffe's* suit.
Org. At *Tartuffe's* suit; oh Villain! [*Offers to strike.*
Loy. Sir, be not rash:
Although it be to turn out you and yours;
It is not presently; if you have ought to plead
Against a Deed made on good Consideration,
You may, else must turn out.
Org. Must *I* turn out?
Loy. Yes Sir;
Unless you can prevent it, as I told you.
But much I'm afraid you're in the Mire.
The forme is good, it cannot be deni'd.
But *I'le* forbear you till tomorrow Morning.

Clean.

Clean. I ſtand amaz'd at this ſtrange impudence. [Cleanthes *gives* Loyal *money.*
Loy. Sir, I have done my errand, arm your ſelf.
Org. Arm my ſelf? what, without weapons?
Loy. Sir, I can ſay no more, you muſt be quick
And circumſpect in your defence; farewell. [*Exit* Loyal.
Dor. Loyal d'ye call him? he has a Traitors face.
Org. Well, now he's gone, what courſe is to be taken?
Our time is ſhort, but till tomorrow morning.
Clean. Be patient, Brother, my phanſie bodes you good.
Org. Now look you, Mother, ſee if *I* have not reaſon;
And you may judge the reſt by this exploit.
What, are his Villanies manifeſt to you now?
Pern. I'm almoſt dead with my aſtoniſhment.
Dor. You falſly grieve, and blame him wrongfully:
This but confirms his ſpiritual deſign.
His love to's neighbour does compleat his virtue; [*Irrailery to* Organ.
He knows that riches do corrupt the ſoul;
And in pure charity has taken from you
The chiefeſt hindrance of your felicity. [Dorina *pulls* Cleanthes *and goes off.*
Org. What muſt *I* always bid you hold your tongue?
Clean. Come, let us ſee what we had beſt to do. [*Exit* Cleanthes.
Elm. Go and declare his baſe ungrateful ſoul;
It may enervate this your Deed of Gift,
When his diſloyalty ſhall appear ſo black,
And hinder that ſucceſs he hopes t'obtain. [*Exeunt.*

SCEN. V.

Cleanthes, Dorina.

Clean. The matter's ripe, it muſt no further run;
I'le go and find out *Damis* and *Valere*,
And give an Information 'gainſt this Villain,
That he may be ſecur'd; in th'interim you
Go find out *Laurence*, that his zele to us
At th'upſhot may receive a due reward. [*Exit* Cleanthes.
Dor. What would this man have done? his folly had
Ruin'd the hopes and glory of his family.
Laurence, thou haſt deſerv'd well at his hands:
Thy faith to me has ſav'd his whole eſtate.

Enter Laurence.

Laur. Dorina, how go ſquares? I hear ſtrange news,
But 'tis ſo much at random, I can make
Nor head nor tail on't.
Dor. Stay but awhile, and you ſhall ſee th'event.
Laur. No; we'll go walk awhile abroad, and then
In half an hour return to know th'effect. [*Exeunt.*

SCEN. VI.

Enter Valere, Cleanthes, Damis.

Val. The work is done, the Villain is ſecur'd,
And does not know it yet, but thinks he's Victor.
We have the Deed and Cabinet; by theſe means
The traitors malice ceaſes, and all's ſafe——
But we muſt fright *Orgon*. You ſhall, *Cleanthes*,
Go to the Meſſenger, in whoſe cuſtody
Tartuffe remains at preſent, and bring with him
His priſoner, as if he came to put
Him in poſſeſſion. I will go before,
Feigning to tell the news, and make him fly;
Then *Damis* ſhall appear, whom I'le preſent
As ruin'd by his folly; and after that
Laurence ſhall bring *Dorina* t'act her part.
Clean. How ſhall we make the Meſſenger to ſerve us,
And act his part?
Dam. Let that alone to me;
I with a little money
Will buy him over to do what I pleaſe.
Val. Come let's away, and put's in agitation. [*Exeunt.*

SCEN. VII.

Enter Orgon, Elmira, Mariana, Pernelle.

Org. I wonder that my brother comes not at me.
Elm. He's like the world flies from a falling houſe.
Mar. I think not ſo, I rather muſt believe,
He's acting for your Intereſt what he can.

To them Valere.

Val. With a regret *I* come t'afflict you, Sir:
But I'm constrain'd to't by a pressing danger.
A friend of mine, whose amity is strong,
And knew the Interest *I* ought to have in you,
Has violated out of curiosity
The secresie due to th'affairs of State.
And even now he sent me this advice,
Which must reduce you to a sudden flight:
That Slave to whom you did commit your trust,
Within this hour accus'd you to the King,
And has deliver'd Cabinet of importance,
Which makes your friend and you both Malefactors;
And by misprision of a Subjects duty,
Y'have private kept the secrets of a Traitor.
I'm ignorant of the title of your crime:
But Order's given, Sir, to arrest your person;
And for the better execution on't,
Tartuffe is sent with those that are to take you.

Org. He has prov'd himself a monstrous wicked Rogue.

Val. the least delay may prove, Sir, fatal to you.
My Coach does now attend you at your Gate;
Let's lose no time to avoid this thunder-clap,
For these are blows onely put by, by flight.
To a sure place *I* proffer you my conduct,
And will accompany you to your journeys end.

Org. What don't *I* owe for these obliging cares?
And now, Sir, *I* want time to give you thanks:
But *I* beg Heaven to be propitious to me,
That *I* may live to pay your generous service.
Farewell —— pray take a care.

Val. Make haste.

SCENE ULT.

Enter Cleanthes *running, and followed by the Messenger.*
Orgon *runs, and the Messenger stays him.*

Mess. Softly, Sir, softly; do not run so fast;
You have not far to go to find your lodging:
Know, Sir, that you are prisoner to the King.

Enter Tartuffe *with two or three Officers.*
Orgon *flies him.*

Org. *Judas*, Thou hast kept this treachery till the last.
Monster! by this vile blow thou hast undone me;
And by it thou hast crown'd thy Villany.
Mess. You must not give such terms they'l not avail you.
Tart. I can dispense with these injurious words,
For *I* am taught by Heaven to suffer all.
Clean. *I* do aver thy moderation great,
Impudent Rogue! that thus dares play with Heaven.
Org. O Brother, where's my son?
Clean. How can you ask for him you have undone?
Org. Pray, Sir, hold off your hands, *I* will not stir.
Elm. Do but reflect how good he was to you.
Tart. All you can say shall have no power to move me;
I dream of nothing but to do my duty.
Mar. You pretend much glory from this action.
Elm. And this employment too becomes you well.
Mess. The employment cannot but be honourable,
Deriv'd from that high power which sent me hither.
Org. Hast thou forgot that charitable hand,
Ingrateful man, that pluck'd thee out of misery?
Tart. Sir, *I* am sensible of all your favours;
But my Kings service is my highest duty;
And the remembrance of that sacred tie
Stifles the thought of any restitution.
Mess. Good Mr. *Tartuffe*, if you please, withdraw;
You know your business, Sir, is sure enough.
Tart. *I* will retire to avoid contention, Sir;
But pray dispatch and rid my house of 'em.
Org. O impudence unmatchable! thy house?
Mess. Come, what a noise is here? I'le stay no longer.
I charge you come with me immediately
Into the prison, where you must remain:
Clean. Have patience, Sir, a little; *I'le* engage for him.
Mess. Upon your word I'le stay a little longer.
Clean. *Orgon*, what do you mean? *I* am afraid
You are to seek: but, pray, resolve me, this;
Suppose your friends should move the King and Council
In your behalf, wou'd you not run anew
Into fresh errours?

Org.

Org. No, *Cleanthes*, never.
Clean. We'll try what can be done, pray ſtay a while. [*Clean. Val. Exeunt.*
Meſs. I wiſh they may prevail, but I much doubt it
Unleſs they work it ſtrongly.
Org. I know not what to ſay, Heav'n ſpeed 'em well,
But ſee deſpair hath ſtopt his journey. Brother, what ails thee?

Clean. Val.

Clean. I met *Dorina* at the door, who ſtopt me,
And ſaid ſhe had ſome welcom news to tell you.
Org. Where is ſhe:
Clean. I left her talking to a friend, ſhe comes.

DORINA.

Dor. Sir, I am ſorry to ſee you
In ſuch affliction as you are, but patience.
Enter a Servant, and Whiſpers Clean.
Clean. *Damis* is without, and deſires to ſpeak with you.
Org. Bid him come in.

DAMIS.

Dam. Alas! dear Sir. What's the matter here?
Val. Your father here is ſeiz'd, *I* cannot ſay
His or me, but think the puniſhment is juſt
For his abuſing you.
Dam. I've no reſentment of that hard uſage, Sir,
But wiſh in this affair my power could
Support my will.
Org. Oh ſon! this pious duty in you makes me ſeem
Odious unto my ſelf, and therefore friend
Carry me where you will. [*To the* Meſs.
Clean. See brother, here's *Dorina*, who has oft
Told you to what your follies would reduce you:
But as *I* ſaid, ſhe now has other news.
Org. I have enough, lay no more weights of grief
Upon my heart: Heav'n ſend it may be good.
Dor. Sir, hearing of the troubles which were fallen
Upon you, thorow your own indiſcretion;
And knowing, in adverſity a friend
Is worth acceptance; I have brought one hither.

Then

That with that Gentleman's leave; will dare to bail you,
He has from me receiv'd an information,
Your crime is neither Felony nor Treason:
And the worſt priſon you deſerve for this
Is Bedlam: if you will accept the offer,
And theſe Gentlemen be pleaſed with't,
I'le call him in.

Clean. Do ſo, with all our hearts, I ſpeak for all.

Enter Laurence *with a Cabinet and Writings.* Dorina *with the Aſſignment.*

Dor. Sir, here's the man!

Clean. What *Laurence*! *Tartuffe's* man!

Val. Prithee let's ſee it done.

Laur. Sir, how far my *quondam* Maſter has trangreſt
I don't examine, for I hear already
He's call'd to account; I at *Dorina's* inſtance, come
To tender the beſt ſervices I can;
And though my fortune place me in the croud,
But few degrees from beggery, yet I have
A heart as generous as the nobleſt of you.
See Gentlemen, I freely this beſtow. [*Gives* Orgon *the Cabinet.*
On *Orgon* as a Preſent of my Love;
And my *Dorina* is the ſole reward.
I ask for all.

Dor. Sir if the love and care of this man here
Had not been great to me, I had not had
This opportunity to do you ſervice;
But by his means, Sir, I am able now
To quiet your poſſeſſion in this houſe.
Here Sir—— [*Delivers the Aſſignment.*

Org. O Heav'n what do I ſee, *Cleanthes*, this
Is that ſame very deed I made to *Tartuffe*.
Damis, *Valere*, *Elmira*, *Mariana*:
See, there's your Guardian Angel; O *Dorina*
Thou ſhalt no more be ſervile, we will all
Submit to our Protectreſs, our Defender.——

Mar. Dorina, my *Dorina*, thou haſt maſter'd me. [*Embraces* Dor.
If I ſhou'd ſtudy all my life to ſerve thee,
I cou'd not make a ſuitable return.

Elm. Deareſt *Dorina*, thou haſt once more made, [*Embraces* Dorina.
Me Myſtriſs of this place; my ſelf and *Orgon*
Are bound to bleſs that moment brought thee hither.

Clean.

Clean. My Siſter is tranſported with her joy;
Intruth *Dorina* thou haſt ſurpriz'd us all,
What *Damis*, *Valere*, and my ſelf could not
Imagine how to compaſs, thou didſt do.
Per. We will not ask the means, but render thanks
To bleſsed Heav'n for this delivery: I am convinc'd and hate the Hypocrite.
Dor. There ſtands the means—— [*Points to* Laurence.
Thank him: neither my policy or ſtrength
Cou'd e're have reach'd it, it was his deſign.
He brought the things to me; not ſought or courted,
But truly of himſelf, and when he ſaw
All things were even beyond remedy.
Val. *Laurence*, I here perceive we are all bound
To your fidelity, for which in the behalf

Enter Tartuffe *With Officers.*

Of all I promiſe a reward ——
And now, *Cleanthes*, let us clear the miſt.
Tart. What is the reaſon of this long demurre?
Clean. Sir, you have done your duty, and without fear,
May let your priſ'ner [*Orgon* I mean] go free.
Meſs. Sir, you're as free as Ayre; my task is here. [*Goes to* Tartuffe.
This is indeed my priſ'ner.
Tart. How I your priſ'ner!
Meſs. Yes Sir! behold my warrant.
Tart. How various are the bleſſings of this life!
Org. Where am I? in a dream; are my eyes open?
Is this my houſe, and theſe in truth my friends?
This is a change ſo unexpected that
It was beyond my hopes ——
Clean. Sir, here's your ſon, and ſon in-law; to both
You're equally oblig'd, though both caſt off
Yet left not ſtill to intercede at Court,
And ſo at laſt prevail'd [upon the hearing
The former ſervice you had done repeated]
That both the King and Council did declare
The acts you did invalid; [To *Tartuffe*.
And pardon'd your connivance with that Traitor,
But how to unravel this was all the work——.
Val. Let me tell that, *Cleanthes*, 'twas your *Genius*
Brought it to this perfection. He, Sir, perceiving
How ſtrongly you had noos'd your ſelf by Law,
Accuſes *Tartuffe* of prodigious crimes:

Crimes

Crimes that entrencht on Royal Majesty,
Which he confirm'd by noble Witnesses;
Then did he get a Grant of all th' estate
Tartuffe had got from you: by which secur'd
The Villain cou'd not harm you; we design'd
To try your patience; as you see w'have done.
Dam. Sir, if any former faults *I* did commit;
I humbly here implore your pardon for 'em.
Org. Talk not of faults, this is a time of joy,
Let us return our duty in our thanks
To his Most Gracious Majesty, that did
So nobly lend his Princely ear to you.
Clean. But let not *Laurence* be forgotten here;
And let *Dorina's* merits be rewarded.
Org. What they desire I'll give.
Laur. With your favour, my reward shall be,
Dorina, if your Daughter will consent.
Mar. With all my soul!
Org. Are you agreed *Dorina.*
Dor. Else had your Deed and Cabinet be gone.
Org. Laurence, how deep m'engagements to you are,
Though yet *I* know not fully to let you see
Before my friends here present, that I mean
To gratifie your honesty; here take *Dorina;* [*Gives* Dorina *to him.*
And with her a hundred pounds a year in portion
During your lives, and the Survivor of you.
Laur We both will pray for your eternal happiness.
Org. And for you, *Valere*, whose true affection
Unto the Daughter, made you the Father's Advocate,
Take this as Pledge. [*Takes* Mariana *by the hand, and gives her to* Valere.
Valere, be happy in her.
Dor. Oh *Laurence*! I am ravish'd with my joy.
Pern. Truly, la! I am comforted agen.
Elm. O most propitious stars! most blest success!
Mar. Who cou'd have dar'd t'have hop't this happiness?
Dam. Sister, you have a Jewel, prize him high.
Val. I thank you brother; and to crown our joys
I promise here to give my Sister to you,
So soon as *I* can send for her to Town.
Dam. I'm blest in such a Brother, and a friend.
How happy is that Kingdom, where the Prince
Himself does steer the Royal Helm of State;
That rul'd by reason, gives to honest men
The praise they merit, and decrees for such

As are fair vertues enemies, a pain
Or punishment proportion'd to their crime.
Org. What, Brother, in a rapture? Let us go
And shew our grateful duty in our deeds.
Clean. As for this *Tartuffe*, miserable wretch,
Leave him to's fate, and let his sins o'rewhelm him.
Tart. Ah *Laurence*, *Laurence*, thou art a wicked fellow;
But Heaven, I trust, will vindicate my cause. [*Exeunt* Messenger *and*
Tartuffe; *the Officers hale him off the Stage.*
Laur. Forbear your canting, Sir, I know your inside.
Val. Nay, Gentlemen, we must not part thus dully:
'Tis fit our hearts express our happiness;
And joyning in a dance begin those sports,
Which after marriage shall be more enlarg'd.

Here a Dance of eight.

Cleanthes	*Elmira*
Valere	*Mariana*
Damis	*Flypote*
Laurence	*Dorina*

[*The Dance ended*, Orgon *rises and speaks*.
Org. Let's now with joy unto His Majesty,
And at his Royal Feet prostrate our selves,
Acknowledging his generous favours to us,
Then in pursuance of our great devoir,
Let us compleat this happy Lovers bliss,
Proceeding for their Nuptials, as we are tied
In gratitude to *Laurence* and *Dorina*,
Whose services deserve a large requital:
And by sweet *Hymen*'s help crown in *Valere*
A Lovers flame both generous and sincere.

FINIS.

EPILOGUE.

MAny have been the vain Attempts of Wit,
Against the still-prevailing Hypocrite.
Once (and but once) a Poet got the day,
And vanquish't Busy *in a Puppet-Play.*
But Busy *rallying, Arm'd with Zeal and Rage,*
Possest the Pulpit and pull'd down the Stage.
To laugh at English *Knaves is dangerous then,*
Whilst English *Fools will think 'em honest Men.*
But sure no zealous Rabby will deny us
Free leave to act our Monsieur Ananias.
A man may say (without being thought an Atheist)
There are damn'd Rogues amongst the French and Papist,
That fix Salvation to short Bands and Hair,
That belch and snuffle to prolong a Prayer.
That use (enjoy the Creature) to express
Plain Whoring, Gluttony, and Drunkenness;
And in a decent way Perform 'em too,
As well, nay better far alas then you:
Whose fleshly failings are but Fornication,
We Godly phrase it, Gospel-Propagation;
Just as Rebellion was call'd Reformation.
Though Zeal stand Centry at the Gate of Sin,
Yet all that have the Word pass freely in;
Silent and in the dark for fear of Spies
We march, and take damnation by surprise:
There's not a Roaring Blade about the Town
Can go so far towards Hell for half a Crown,
As I for six-pence; 'cause I know the way:
For want of Guides men are too apt to stray.
Therefore Give ear to what I shall Advise,
Let every married man that's Rich and Wise;
Take a Tartuffe *of known Ability,*
To Teach, and to Increase his Family,
Who may to settle lasting Reformation,
First Get his Son, then Give him Education.

FINIS.